POLICE · BUDGET · EDITION

EDITED · BY HAROLD FURNISS

FAMOUS CRIMES

PAST AND PRESENT

ONE · PENNY

THE EXECUTION OF CAPTAIN KIDD.

Vol. V.—No. 57.

"Shall not the scourge of Justice lash that cruel coward
Who mingled the gall of ingratitude with the bitterness of disappointment?"
—MARTIN TUPPER, "Proverbial Philosophy."

PART II.

HAVING got the pirate chief safely under lock and key, Lord Bellamont wrote to the Lords of the Admiralty, in England, asking that a ship should be despatched to convey him to London for trial. Only too delighted to have the notorious pirate in their possession the Admiralty at once commissioned the frigate "Rochester" with instructions to bring the captain back to the port of London, but the commander of the "Rochester" had original ideas of navigation and seamanship, and he got his vessel so disabled that he had to return to Plymouth, and the "Advice" was detailed for the special duty. All this took time, and it was not till the spring of 1700 that Kidd and several of his crew who had also been arrested were shipped at Boston en route for England, where they arrived in April, 1700, and were cast into Newgate.

While lying there the gay corsair was used as a political weapon by the Tories against the Whigs, who were then in power, and grave charges were laid against Bellamont, Oxford, Somers, and other peers, who had countenanced and financed the "Adventure" galley, and they were accused of favouring piracy with a view to making their fortunes out of the exploits of their protégé. As a matter of fact Kidd was such an ungrateful wretch that with the exception of the present of jewellery which Lady Bellamont received, none of his supporters saw a farthing's worth of their money back again. However, something had to be done to discredit the Whig faction, and the Tories thought that if the Cabinet was shown to have been supporting piracy, the people would readily reject the then ministry at the forthcoming elections, so on the 1st of March, 1701, an order was issued that all papers relating to Kidd and his exploits should be laid on the table of the House of Commons. This was done, and a fortnight later a Special Commission was appointed to examine and report on them.

Their deliberations were very half-hearted, but on the 24th of the same month a petition arrived from one Cogi Baba, an Armenian, complaining of the theft and destruction by Kidd of a vessel named the "Karry Merchant," which contained a freight worth £40,000 besides the value of the craft, which was put down at £4,000, and this added fresh fuel to the fire. Every underhand trick known to politicians was made use of by the Tories to discredit the peers who had fitted out the vessel in which Kidd had sailed, and abuse was freely bandied about in St. Stephen's. Duels were frequent between the party leaders. Still nothing definite could be proved.

On the 27th of March, 1701, Captain Kidd was brought to the bar of the House of Commons to be examined. Unfortunately his appearance did not do him credit, for he was in an advanced state of intoxication when he made his bow to the Speaker. However, he was examined, but his brains were so befuddled with drink that he could only murmur denials to every question that was put to him. So contemptible a figure did he cut that one of the members who had been the most eager to have the freebooter examined exclaimed in disgust: "D——n this fellow; I thought he had been only a knave, but unfortunately he happens to be a fool likewise!"

On the following day a motion was brought before the House to the effect that the letters patent and letters of marque which had been granted to Captain Kidd were "dishonourable to the King, against the law of nations, contrary to the laws and statutes of the land, invasive of property and destructive to trade and commerce." This was hotly debated, but was rejected by a majority of thirteen.

On the 1st of May Kidd was again brought to the bar of the House and every attempt made to get him to implicate his patrons, but, rogue though he was, he flatly refused to acknowledge that any of the nobles who had fitted him out were cognisant of his piratical career. He also sought to explain his conduct by saying that the "Queddah Merchant" carried French letters of marque, and that all the other ships he had captured were hostile vessels. This declaration did not benefit him much, for he was again committed to Newgate to take his trial at the forthcoming assizes at the Old Bailey.

Kidd had only a few days to wait, but while he was doing so a report was circulated throughout the two houses of Parliament that the notorious pirate had been invited to a conference in Lord Halifax's dining-room and had promised that he would not implicate any of the lords who had supported him some six years before. This was proved to be a falsehood, but on the very day that Kidd was tried at the Central Criminal Court, the Houses re-

solved to impeach the Earl of Oxford, on this false information, with favouring piracy.

On the 8th of May, Kidd was placed in the dock at the Old Bailey and charged with the murder of one William Moore, the gunner of the "Adventure" galley. The prosecution had but a couple of witnesses, the doctor, Bradinham, and Palmer, the sailor whom we have mentioned before.

Palmer swore that he saw Kidd pick up a bucket and hit Moore over the head with it. Moore had possibly said something to the captain first, but the witness had not heard it. Moore instantly fell down, and Kidd returned to the quarter-deck. Witness took the injured man down to the cock-pit, where the surgeon, Bradinham, attended to him. Moore never recovered consciousness and died next day.

The surgeon was next put into the box, and said that the deceased was brought down to him suffering from a fractured skull. He bound it up, but took no operative measures. Moore died next morning.

due punishment doubly sure, Captain Kidd was brought up on the following day, in company with nine of his crew, and all were charged with piracy on the high seas, and particularly with the pillaging of the "Queddah Merchant."

Again the only two witnesses for the Crown were the surgeon and Palmer, who graphically described the capture of the vessel and the subsequent division of the booty by Kidd, adding that the crew were rather dissatisfied that their chief should retain forty shares for himself. Further, they added that Kidd had given the great guns to a man named Culliford, the master of the looted vessel, and swore that he would never again meddle with him.

By way of defence, Kidd declared that it was utterly impossible for him to do justice to his case if he were not permitted to send for witnesses and for all the papers which Lord Bellamont had retained. He took the ship because she was commissioned by the French. He had never given Culliford any guns, and never went aboard his ship himself—a palpable lie.

WERE SHIPPED AT BOSTON, *EN ROUTE* FOR ENGLAND.

Kidd, according to the custom in those days, was denied the right to be defended by counsel, and had to make what defence he could for himself. He called several of the sailors who were awaiting trial on the further charge of piracy to swear that the men were mutinous at the time and that Moore had insisted that the captain should capture the "Loyal Captain," a British vessel, which was then in sight. On the commander refusing, Moore had stepped forward in a threatening manner as if to strike him, but the captain was too quick for him, and picking up a bucket hit him on the head. Other sailors tried to repeat this tale, but it was clear to everyone that they had been coached up in it, and only gave evidence because they trusted that their words would serve them at their own trial for piracy which was to follow that of their leader for murder.

Kidd was then asked if he had anything to say, and replied: "It was not done designedly, but in my passion, for which I am heartily sorry." An hour sufficed for the jury to decide on the guilt of the marauder, and he was sentenced to death. But, to make the assurance of his

Again the jury retired, and in half an hour brought in a verdict of guilty against Kidd and five of his companions, but acquitted three of the accused.

The convicted men were tried successively on four other counts of robbery on the sea, piracy, and pillaging, and in each case a verdict was recorded against them.

Then the judge pronounced sentence of death on the whole band, decreeing that they should be taken back to Newgate, and thence, after confirmation of their sentence, to the place of execution nigh to the Thames, and known as Execution Dock, and there be hanged by the neck till they were dead and their bodies disposed of as his Majesty the King and the Lords in Council saw fit to direct.

Captain Kidd, the bold pirate, the slaughterer of peaceable traders, the terror of the Eastern seas, turned pale, and faltered out:

"My lord, it is a very hard sentence. For my part I am the innocentest person of them all, only I have been sworn against by perjured persons."

From the dock Kidd was taken to the solitary condemned cells then apportioned for murderers and for those

whose sentences had been confirmed; his companions were led to the common condemned hold, where the hundreds who were then sentenced to the last penalty at each assizes awaited the dreadful moment when the decision of the King was communicated to them.

In the first chapter we have said that piracy was rife in those days, and it is, therefore, not to be wondered at that the Recorder, whose duty it then was to make a "record" or report to the King in Council of all who lay under sentence of death with a view to the Royal will being declared, did not lose any time in informing his Majesty that Kidd and five of his fellows had been found guilty of numerous piratical acts and had been condemned to die. King William III. instantly signified his pleasure that the sentence should be carried out, not only on the six ruffians whom we have heard of, but also on two other sailors who had also been convicted of a similar offence.

In all haste the Recorder went back to Newgate and told the Governor that his prisoners were to die, and mentioned that May the 12th was to be the day of the execution. This dreadful news was communicated to the unhappy men, and clergymen were appointed to console them during the few remaining hours of their lives.

On the evening of the 11th of May, beneath the windows of the condemned cell the bell-man was heard to wail forth his mournful dirge entreating those who were about to pay the last penalty of the law on the following morning to prepare to meet their God.

Face to face, now, with death—that gaunt king whom he had so often met in the heat of battle—Kidd quailed. There was no glamour in dying as a dog, strung up at the end of a rope. Give him but another fight, and Captain Kidd would have been content to have met his end by a bullet from the rigging of an enemy, or to be slain in a bold boarding attack; but to die like a paltry sheep-stealer! It was too much for him. The time he had had to reflect on his end made him fear it, and he wondered whether he had not been kinder than his judges when he took the lives of his victims without allowing them a moment's preparation.

But the chaplain was with him and begged him to repent ere it was too late. At first Kidd looked upon the parson with disdain—during his life he had small use for gentlemen of his cloth—but after a short time the admonitions of the persistent cleric reminded him of the days of his childhood and he listened, a little wearied it must be confessed, to the exhortations of the gaol ordinary.

Swiftly the two days passed by, and then came the fatal morning. Kidd and the seven who were to suffer with him were taken to the press-room, where their fetters were knocked off, and they were bound with cords. Then out through the debtor's door they passed, leaving the kitchen of the gaol behind them, the last apartment into which they were ever likely to enter, except the narrow cell where they would rest till the Day of Judgment, and reminding them all that their last meal had been eaten. They were placed in carts, with chaplains alongside each of them, and the piteous procession set off for the place of execution. As they left, the doleful passing bell in St. Sepulchre's Church rang out, and at the end of Newgate Street each of the condemned was provided with a huge nosegay of flowers which he was expected to carry till he reached the fatal tree. A cup of mulled wine was also presented to the unhappy men as they passed one of the taverns in the City. Slowly the sad cortege wound its way towards the bleak spot on the banks of the river—a spot now over-grown with warehouses and docks—the parsons doing their best to keep up the spirits of the condemned men. On the way Kidd asked the ordinary what it felt like to be hanged. "I do not know," replied the priest. "No one has been able to tell me." Little did Kidd know that he would soon be in a position to actually answer that query himself!

As the dreary waste, known as Execution Dock, was reached a huge triangular gallows was seen, and round it an enormous crowd was gathered. The carts halted near the dreadful instrument, and one by one the miserable occupants got out, repeating scraps of prayers, but half understood. It had originally been intended to hang the leader of the gang first, but more inhuman feelings supervened, and it was determined to allow him to see those

DUELS WERE FREQUENT BETWEEN THE PARTY LEADERS.

In an advanced state of intoxication.

whom he had led into piracy perish before he was himself despatched.

One at a time his sailors mounted the ladder and the hangman placed the noose round their necks, while his assistant, sitting astride the beam, attached the rope to the gallows. A moment or two was given to each wretched convict to address the crowd, but few of them availed themselves of the privilege, then a white cap was drawn over the pallid face, the executioner crept down the ladder and turned it round, launching the victim into the air. A short interval was permitted for the next culprit to view the struggles of his mate as his soul sought an exit from his body, and then the next was fastened up and similarly hanged. So it went on till Kidd's turn came, last of all the gang of sea-robbers.

He was helped up the ladder with the chaplain's words ringing in his ears, exhorting him to repent, if only at the last moment. His face was ashen pale, tears stood in his eyes, his manner was cringing, and he complained that it was hard to die. The cap was drawn over his face and he was "turned off." For a minute he dangled in the air, his body convulsed by the agonies which he was undergoing, then, to the horror of those present, the cord snapped and Kidd fell to the ground.

The hangmen ran to him and released the noose from his neck, while a fresh rope was procured. The captain was perfectly conscious, but obviously in great pain. The

Looked upon the parson with disdain.

clergyman who had attended him asked to be permitted to speak a few more words to the half-strangled pirate, and permission was granted. He begged him to make the best use of the extra time which had so painfully been granted to him to make his peace with Heaven before he met the death which he ought to acknowledge he deserved. Kidd nodded assent. One cannot help wondering whether he told the clergyman what it felt like to be hanged, though there is no record to that effect.

A new rope having been brought, Kidd once more mounted the ladder, and this time he hanged until he was dead, though he died very hard. Some of the bodies were exhibited in chains along the banks of the Thames as a warning to pirates, but it is not said whether Kidd's was one of these.

Thus perished a man who has been held up as a sort of "pirate bold" for the world to admire. As we have shown, he was really a despicable wretch, without the least particle of gratitude to those who had helped him and without the slightest element of pity in his composition. He died as he had lived, disgracefully, and the world was well rid of him.

The bell-man wailed his dirge.

The Strange Case of Jonathan Geydon

HOW A MURDERER, TORTURED BY REMORSE, CONFESSED TO THE CRIME AFTER 22 YEARS.

"My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain."
—SHAKESPEARE, "Richard III.," Act V., Sc. 3.

AS we have had occasion to remark before, the year 1879 was as thickly strewn with great crimes as the proverbial Vallombrosa is with autumn leaves. It was a "good vintage" year with a vengeance, and, though this case does not, perhaps, properly belong to this *annus mirabilis*, seeing that it happened in 1857, yet the fact that 1879 witnessed the full elucidation of the mystery entitles me to include it among the events of the latter year.

For very many reasons the case was one which occasioned a vast amount of interest at the time. Mysterious as the circumstances were, the identity of the criminal was known to the authorities from the first, but for over twenty years he succeeded in eluding detection, and might have died in the odour of sanctity but for the remorse which drove him to confession. No healthy man, it has been said, should have a conscience, but that is a cynical way of looking at it, and in this case we find that "coward conscience" can be a very powerful instigator of men's actions at times.

This crime bears a remarkable similarity to that of Sheward, the Norwich pawnbroker, who, having cut his wife to pieces and generously distributed her remains over his native town, found the burden of his secret so insupportable that he handed himself over to justice, in the shape of a London constable, and was hanged for his pains. Sheward, however, had not been previously suspected of the crime, whereas Jonathan Geydon had been sought for after the commission of the deed with the utmost vigilance. During his twenty-two years of freedom his career was sufficiently adventurous, and on enlisting in the army he on several occasions narrowly escaped detection. The case bore other features which quite remove it from the ordinary. Even after his surrender considerable doubt was cast upon the prisoner's identity, and, whereas some who had known Geydon at once recognised the self-accused as being that long-wanted individual, others felt considerable misgivings on the subject. Geydon had been popularly supposed to possess a physical disability, which will be described hereafter, but the Geydon who surrendered himself to the authorities was lacking this peculiar bodily infirmity.

The murder was a particularly brutal one of its class, and we are rather at a loss to discover why Mr. Geydon did not share the fate meted out to the aforesaid Sheward; but Geydon being very anxious to be relieved of life, the Home Secretary thought, perhaps, that it were the greater punishment to keep him alive!

His secret confessed and his conscience eased, the prisoner, no doubt, began to feel life less burdensome, and, though he died in gaol shortly afterwards, we may assume that his end was peace.

And now, having discussed the criminal, let us turn our attention to the crime. A few miles from Woodford, in Essex, is the pretty and well-known village of Chingford Hatch, in close proximity to Epping Forest. In the middle of the last century this village was even more secluded and remote than it is at the present time, and the big residences in its neighbourhood were frequently the scenes of burglarious exploits. At this place, then, there resided in the year 1857 an old woman of the name of Mary White, who had reached the advanced age of 72 years. On Sunday, the 21st of June, 1857, this female had been left in charge of the house of one John Small, while he and his wife went to

EMMA SMALL SHOWS SELINA SAXFORD THE BODY.

Chingford Old Church for the morning service. It appears that Mary White was related to this John Small, and had invited her niece, Mrs. Emma Small, to come and spend the day with her. Accordingly Mrs. Small set out from London by train to Woodford Station, and from there walked to Chingford Hatch, arriving at John Small's house about half-past eleven in the morning.

She rapped at the front door, and failing to make anybody hear, walked round to the back of the cottage. She at once observed that both doors were partly open, and her suspicions were aroused by the fact that two gates, through which any visitor would have to pass, were also wide open. She entered through the back door, and found the old woman, Mary White, lying at the foot of the stairs, her head and shoulders in the kitchen and her feet in the passage. Her first impression was that her aunt was in a fit, and she was too frightened to render any assistance, but, recovering her presence of mind, she summoned a neighbour, Selina Saxford, from the adjacent cottage. Together they returned to the house, and in attempting to raise Mrs. White they noticed that her face was covered with blood, and that two tremendous cuts had been inflicted across the throat.

Later, when washing the body, they discovered a wound on the left temple and also one on the left hip; but there was no blood on her hands and very little on her clothing. The first inquest was held by Mr. Lewis, coroner of Essex, at the Dun Cow, Chingford Hatch, on the day following the discovery of the body, and evidence of identification was given by John Small. Selina Saxford (or Stafford) stated that she lived in the next house, but that she had heard no sound, nor had she observed any suspicious person loitering about the premises. She went on to say that in the sink of the back kitchen she had found a bowl of soapy water, without any traces of blood therein, and also a buckhorn-handled pocket-knife, free from bloodstains, but in a salt-box a second knife had been found which was stained with what appeared to be recent blood.

The opinion of the police authorities was to the effect that the assassin, after slaying his victim, must have left by the back entrance, as was proved by certain footmarks, evidently made by a pair of lightly-constructed boots, which were traced from the grounds of the house to the Hay Lane, while similar footprints led almost as far as the railway station, leaving no doubt that the murderer took the first train after one o'clock to London. Who, then, was the murderer and what was the motive? That remains to be told.

At the hearing of the adjourned inquest the medical evidence established the fact that suicide was impossible, the throat being cut with great determination, and death had probably overtaken the victim before she had time to scream.

The blood-stained knife that had been found was recognised as the property of Jonathan Geydon, who was known in the neighbourhood, and everything pointed to his guilt. He had been seen near the house on the fatal Sunday, had purchased a ticket at the railway station, and had gone to London. His demeanour had been perturbed and excited, and he had appeared to be in a desperate hurry to leave the place. The inquiry terminated in a verdict of "Wilful murder" against Geydon, and the authorities at once offered a reward of £100 for his capture.

Every endeavour was made to discover this criminal, and, as he was well known to very many people, walked with a peculiar, limping gait, and had a cast in one eye, it was believed that his apprehension would not for any length of time be delayed. But the suspect could never be found. He appeared to have completely vanished, and his old haunts knew him no more. For over twelve months a more or less strict search was maintained for the missing man, but, as time went on and brought no news of him, the authorities gradually became less vigilant, the hunt was abandoned and the crime relegated to the limbo of forgotten things.

In the year 1879 interest in this peculiar murder was revived in the most startling manner, and the almost forgotten crime of twenty-two years back became at once the sensation of the hour. The public were informed that Geydon had given himself up to justice; but, even then, much that was mysterious had to be explained, and the circumstances of his trial and conviction were followed with breathless interest.

The trial commenced on October 23rd, 1879, at the Central Criminal Court, before Justice Hawkins, when Jonathan Geydon, aged 42, described as a labourer, was indicted for the murder of Mary White, at Chingford, Essex, on June 21st, 1857. Mr. Poland and Mr. Montagu Williams prosecuted on behalf of the Crown, and Mr. Avory, briefed at the personal expense of Mr. Edward Ind, High Sheriff of Essex, appeared to defend the prisoner.

Geydon presented a woebegone appearance and looked with apparent indifference upon the proceedings. He had been persuaded to plead not guilty in spite of his confession, and he made no attempt either to confirm or repudiate the incriminating statements contained therein. Mr. Poland briefly recounted the facts of the murder, describing how the prisoner had been suspected from the outset, how a warrant had been issued for his arrest, how he had fled, and had not been seen or heard of till he gave himself up to the police.

The first witness called was P.-C. Henry Matthews, of the West Sussex County Constabulary, stationed at Horsham, who stated that in September, 1879, the prisoner gave himself up to him. The constable had first seen him crouching under the wall of a gentleman's garden, and he asked him what he was doing there, the prisoner replying, "I want the police-station. I want to give myself up for the murder of a young woman, named Small, of Chingford Hatch, Essex, in 1852 or 1853." He seemed greatly distressed in mind and added, "If I could have found a rope strong enough to-day I would have hanged myself." The witness conducted the prisoner to the police-station, and then took down his statement and read it to him, where-

"I want to give myself up."

upon he said it was all right, adding, "It is God's truth I am telling you. If you want to know anything more about me, write to Scotland Yard." Geydon was quite sober, but was dirty, torn and ragged.

Superintendent Henderson corroborated this evidence, and stated that the prisoner said to him, "It is quite true what I told your constable. I murdered the woman at Mr. Small's house on a Sunday morning, when Mr. and Mrs. Small had gone to church. I left the place, and have not been back since."

Another constable, named Thomas Quilley, deposed that when he assisted to remove the prisoner, he said to him, "I went to the house and saw the woman at the back door and talked to her. I then knocked her down and cut her throat with my pocket-knife."

John Small, a retired farmer, was then called, and stated that in 1857 he lived at Chingford Hatch, at Friday Hill, in that parish, and had been gone from there for thirteen years. His wife's sister, Mary White, lived in the same house with him, and on Sunday, the 21st of June, 1857, he went to church in the morning with his wife, leaving White in the house alone. About noon he was called out of church and walked home, to find that his sister-in-law had been murdered. The motive was robbery, for the house had been ransacked, and a watch and chain, two rings and other jewellery had been stolen, and some clothing had also been

taken away. He had known Geydon for some time as the son of a small farmer in the district, but had not seen him since the year 1855, about which time he used to visit at the farm. After the murder the country was scoured to find him, and a report got about that Geydon had been hanged in Australia. The witness had easily identified the prisoner when he saw him at the police-station, and he had no doubt whatever that he was the man in question, as he had a limp in his walk and a peculiar cast in one eye.

Selina Saxford, who had found the body, was next put into the box, and she repeated the evidence, with one or two trifling discrepancies, which she had given at the inquest so many years before. She said that the body was in the back kitchen, between two doors, one leading out of it and the other into the larger kitchen. The throat had been cut in two places, and there was a great deal of blood on the floor, over which a hearth-rug had been thrown. She now stated that the bowl of water found in the sink contained blood and that a pocket-knife was at the bottom of the bowl. The house was in great disorder, and many things had been removed by the murderer.

A man named West, formerly a police-constable, proved that Geydon was sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour for horse-stealing in 1855, and he had no difficulty in recognising him, while the governor of Chelmsford Gaol also identified the prisoner. This witness also swore to the pocket-knife which had been found on the scene of the murder as being part of Geydon's property returned to him when discharged from prison after serving his term.

Evidence was given to prove that Geydon had been seen in the neighbourhood of Chingford about the time of the murder, and that concluded the case for the Crown.

For the defence, Mr. Avory declared that the prisoner had given himself up, as many persons did, for a crime of which he was innocent, from an irresistible imitative impulse. Why, he had shown himself ignorant of the main facts of the murder, declaring that the victim was a young woman, and that it had occurred in '52 or '53, instead of 1857. Geydon was always described as being ruptured, but he would call the Newgate Gaol surgeons to prove that this man was not ruptured, and he, Mr. Avory, would also show that in 1858 the man in the dock had enlisted in the army. But would the military authorities have accepted a limping, ruptured man? It was not likely, and, for his part, he did not believe that this was the man who had been wanted twenty-two years before for this atrocious murder. It must be remembered that the Chelmsford Gaol officials had not set eyes on Geydon for a great number of years, and they might now be mistaken as to the prisoner being the man. He called William O'Brien, who was colour-sergeant in the 5th Fusiliers in 1858, and who had recently seen the prisoner in Newgate. He recognised him as Charles Wilson, who was in witness's battalion, and whom he had last seen in 1864. General Milman, C.B., also believed the prisoner to be Wilson, who had deserted from the regiment in '65.

The trial was adjourned at this stage till the following day, when Mr. Avory addressed the jury, and remarked that, though the prisoner might resemble the man who had been known as Geydon, it was extremely doubtful whether he was Geydon, and he demanded the benefit of the doubt for his client.

If the jury entertained any doubts on the subject, however, they were speedily swept away by Mr. Poland, who, in summing up the case for the Crown, declared that there could not be the least doubt that Jonathan Geydon actually stood before them. The warders of Chelmsford Gaol had recognised him at once and had selected him without any hesitation from a crowd of men. There had never been any distinct proof that Geydon was ruptured—he was only reported to be so. He did not dispute the fact that Geydon had enlisted under the name of Charles Wilson. The regiment was quartered at Edinburgh at the time, the Mutiny was at its height, and no doubt the prisoner hoped to be sent to India, far away from the scene of his crime. Outcast and desolate and stung by all the pangs of remorse, he had been led to confess his guilt after all these years, and the woman's death would be avenged at last. Geydon had been well acquainted with the Small family, he knew their habits and customs, and he had chosen that Sunday morning, when he knew the old woman would be alone, to murder her and to rob the house.

The judge merely summed up formally, remarking that the questions for the jury were (1) was the man now in the dock Jonathan Geydon, and (2) was Geydon the murderer?

The jury were only absent in consultation about twenty minutes, and returned into court with a verdict of guilty.

The prisoner declined to say anything, and the learned judge proceeded to pass sentence, holding out no hope of a reprieve. He said that he entirely concurred in the verdict, which was a just one, and the prisoner would be handed over to the High Sheriff of Essex for execution.

On the 9th of November, 1879, it was announced that her Majesty had been pleased to commute the sentence to penal servitude for life.

Thus Jonathan Geydon contrived to escape the gallows, but his health had been shattered by the life he had led and by the burden of his great secret, and he did not live very long after the reprieve.

Segundo,

THE SPANISH SOLDIER.

How a deserter from the army of Spain murdered the Abbe of Prades, in 1876, by burying him alive in his own garden.

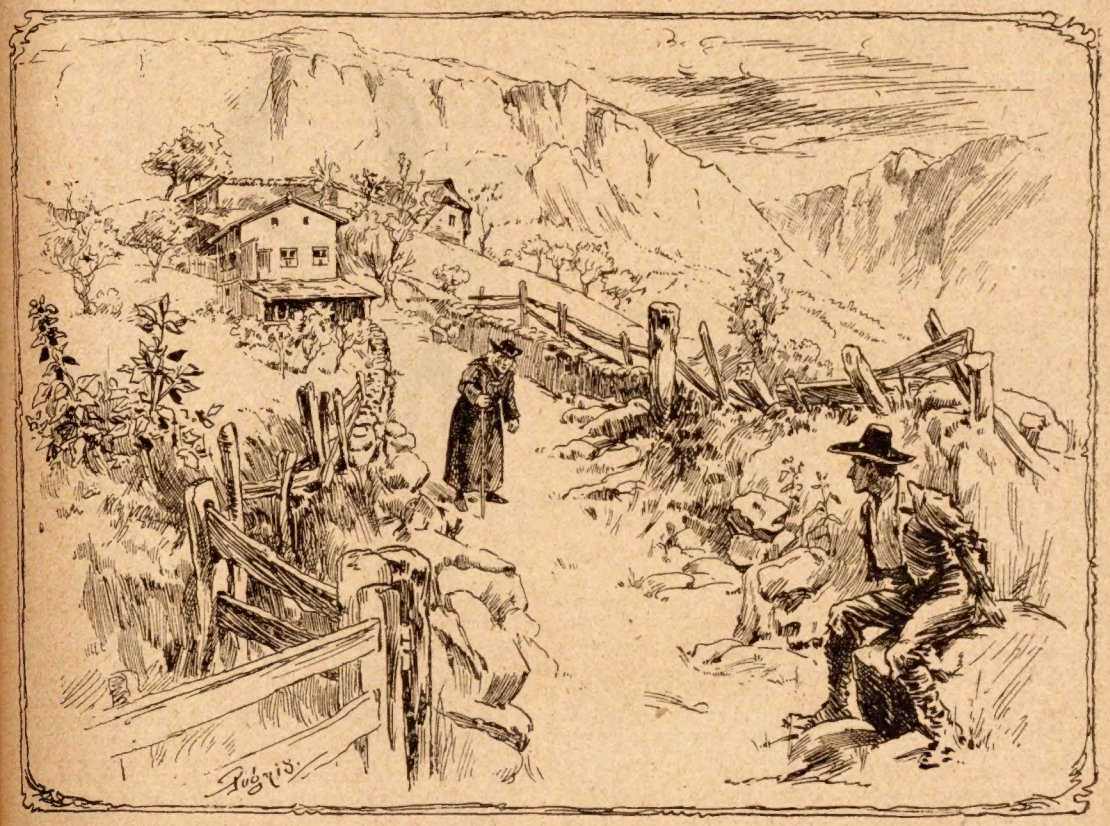
"Beloved Espana, home of chivalry and crime,
with all thy sins I love thee!"
CERVANTES.

IN the spring of 1876 the Judges of Assize of the Pyrenees Orientales were engaged in investigating one of the most terrible crimes which have ever disgraced the fair land of Cervantes, Velasquez, and Columbus. In the whole criminal history of Spain can be found recorded no worse deed than that of the ex-soldier Segundo, whose name is remembered to this day with sentiments of horror. His awful confession stirred the whole nation as nothing similar had ever done and the gaze of all was focussed upon the pretty village nestling in the Pyrenees, which his shameful deed had made a byword for all time.

England has had her full share of appalling criminals, France can "boast" of her Dumollard, and Germany refer to her Müllers and Kettners, but Spain outstripped them all with her Segundo, the monster who killed the being he should have reverenced and protected. He stands on a pinnacle of infamy higher than all who came after him or went before him—a very monument of base, black ingratitude and hideous cruelty.

Christophe Segundo was a deserter from the army of his country. He had always been an idle and dissolute fellow, fond of the cheap wines of his ration and fonder still of the black-eyed houris, who always looked with favour on the soldiers, and were prepared to accept him as their cavalier servente or their cicisbeo. He was a slight but muscular man, with raven hair and flashing eye and thin, cruel lips. The army of Spain is, like the other Continental nations, founded on the conscript system, and Segundo was compelled to join the flag and serve his time with the others. He proved an indifferent soldier. He preferred lounging on the quay of his native town, smoking Algerian cigarettes,

and puffing the white smoke into the bronzed face of the last girl who had caught his fleeting fancy, or idling his time at the "Alphonse el Rey," the best of the local wineshops, and gambling with young men as idle and good-for-nothing as himself. The hard work, the early hours, the discipline, and the poor food did not agree with the proud stomach of this murderer in embryo, and one day he deserted and tramped a hundred miles towards the blue hills, the faint, hazy outline of which was always in front of him as he paced the barrack-yard or drilled in the open, sultry square. His wanderings brought him to Prudes, at the foot of the Pyrenees, and there he flung himself down by the dusty road, beneath the hot southern sun, and felt that further he could not go. He had exchanged his uniform for an old suit, and this now was reduced to a pitiful collection of tattered rags. His feet were cut and bleeding, his face stained with the juice of berries on which he had well-nigh subsisted the last three days. His silky hair was now unkempt and dishevelled, and a blue down was on his unshaven cheek and thin upper lip. The smart Segundo was not himself; no, he was by no means the agile, neat Segundo of old.



ALONG THE DUSTY ROAD CAME AN OLD MAN.

Along the dusty, white road, towards the grey building on the top of the hill, came an old man, somewhat bent and feeble, with white hair and a serene expression of countenance, which told of a contented life and a peaceful mind. He was habited as a priest, and was, indeed, the abbé of the big seminary towards which he was making with laboured footstep. Segundo watched him approach with lazy interest, and wondered whether he should ask for alms. "He might be good for a few pesetas," he said, with his dog-like snarl, and he got up and went to meet the abbé, doffing his tattered cap as he drew near. The old man was good and charitable, and he listened to the deserter's tale with a mind to help him. The abbé, being a man of peace, had no love for the army—the more so because his tendencies were Carlist, and he had had a younger brother killed in one of the numerous wars with Morocco. He would not give Segundo up to the authorities. He would give him a meal and clothing and money, and send him back to the native village and the quay which the soldier said he loved so well. "Follow me, my son," said the grave abbé, and led him towards the grey seminary on the top of the hill. Arrived beneath its shady walls, the wanderer was washed and fed, and a good sound suit, belonging to one of the upper-gardeners, handed him, in which he attired himself, thanking the Holy Virgin for having found him such comfortable quarters. Then he aired his new clothes in the grounds of the college, and encountered Fiametta, a pretty serving-maid employed by the abbé, who had known her father and liked and esteemed the young girl above her companions for that reason.

The eyes of the susceptible Segundo and the bright, young beauty met, and Fiametta admired the man's sleek locks and looked upon him with decided favour. She was Spanish—and she saw prospects of an intrigue. "Amades!" said Segundo to himself, "I have fallen on the right side of the hedge—not amongst the thistles, but into a bed of roses."

Segundo did not leave Prades, even to get back to his beloved village. He stayed on and on and on. The other employees were civil, the abbé was kind, the pupils were friendly, and Fiametta was most gracious. There was plenty of white bread and lots of red wine. There was only the garden to attend to and the flowers to water occasionally. Segundo knew what was good for him, and stayed on.

But Fiametta—with the red-brown eyes, the ripe, crimson lips, and the curly head—was no believer in the ethics of Plato. Nor, to do him justice, was Señor Segundo. He met the girl's advances more than half-way, and Cupid, laughing at them from above, decided, mischievous imp that he is, to send them some misadventures. An under-gardener, who was jealous of the successful Segundo, watched the ex-soldier with all a Spaniard's eagerness to injure a rival, and, catching him and the frail Fiametta at an interesting moment, informed the abbé of what he had seen.

The good old man was grieved, very grieved, and he reprimanded the girl and gave the man a fortnight's grace in which to make ready for his departure from Prades. He would not have Segundo there to contaminate his innocent flock. The soldier had sinned and must go.

On April 6th, 1876, the Abbé Dagasta disappeared and could nowhere be found. Search was made everywhere for miles around, but nothing was seen and nothing could be heard of the missing superior. The police were applied to, and at once suspected foul play. The abbé had retired to rest at eleven o'clock on the night of the 5th, and was then in good health and his usual calm spirits. He had not been seen to leave the seminary, and no one in the village had set eyes on him. Then came forward the rival of Segundo with a story to the effect that early on the morning of the 6th he had seen the former walking with the abbé in the college grounds. The soldier denied this, but other evidence to the same effect was forthcoming, and he was arrested by the orders of the Chief of Police, who proceeded to put him under a close and searching examination. Segundo stammered and gave contradictory replies to the questions put to him. His face was blanched with fear, for the grounds were being minutely examined, and at any moment the truth might become known. A gun was found near a cellar at the bottom of the grounds, and at this spot it was seen that the earth had recently been disturbed, though only an observant eye would have noticed the fact. Segundo was led to this place, and the men commenced to dig vigorously and to throw up big spadefuls of fresh earth. Segundo uttered a fearful scream and hid his face in his hands.

The following is the verbatim confession of this abandoned criminal:

"On the 5th of April I went into the study of the superior to induce him to come into the garden to murder him, but, seeing more persons in the room, I changed my mind, The abbé did come into the garden a few hours later, but the pupils being then in the seminary I postponed the execution of my designs until next day. At six o'clock on the morning of April 6 I woke up the superior and asked him to come down into the garden under the pretext that my work was now complete, as he would see, and that I was ready to leave Prades.

"The superior walked in front of me, and on arriving at the bottom of the grounds, near the cellar, I seized a gun, which I had hidden behind a tree, and fired it point-blank into his face. The discharge set the abbé's clothes on fire, and he fell forward on his face, knocking his head against the wall. I immediately seized him by the neck and dropped him down into the cellar, where I placed him against the wall. He tried to shout for assistance, and cried, 'Oh! unhappy Segundo! Oh! unhappy Segundo!' I then took out my pocket-handkerchief and tied it tightly round his neck to prevent his screaming, while I proceeded to dig his grave before his eyes. As soon as I had made a hole I thought big enough, I gave the superior three or four blows on the head with my spade to settle him, but they did not kill him then. I pitched him head-foremost into the hole, but as he kicked and struggled I gave him some more blows with the spade.

"I then shovelled the earth over him, but his hands—alive!—persisted in sticking out of the ground. So I stood on them till they were flattened down, and, having spread the rest of the earth over the spot, I got a garden-roller and made the ground level as if nothing had happened. I then locked up the cellar and went to breakfast."

It is satisfactory to know that this monster suffered death for the crime, the legal process being *la garotte*, an old Spanish custom.

How the Monks Were Cheated.

A CITIZEN of Bordeaux died in the year 1769, and it was found that he had directed by his will a valuable horse to be sold at his death, and the price to be given to a religious house. It came to pass that, after the testator's death, when the assets were realised, there was barely sufficient to pay the debts, and the widow and children were left almost destitute. The monks put in their claim to sell the horse, and the widow, knowing that she must sell it and carry out the wishes of her deceased husband, had an interview with an old and trusted servant, whom she instructed to take the horse to market and sell it. But he was to sell also a cat as part of the bargain. The horse, being of great beauty, attracted the notice of a purchaser, who, on the price being asked, was surprised to hear that only one pistole was asked for it. He thought the servant was only joking, but the latter gravely replied, "It is quite correct, sir; but I have also a cat for sale, and the purchaser of the horse must take at the same time the cat, and the price of the cat is three hundred pistoles." The money was promptly paid for the two animals, and the astute widow, in administering the estate, scrupulously paid over to the monks one pistole as the value of the horse.

DASTARDLY ACCUSATION

BY THE REV.

Robert Woodward and his Daughters against James Harris.

"Peace! Thou hast told a tale whose every word
Threatens eternal slaughter to the soul.
I'm sorry I have heard it." . . . . . .
—JOHN FORDE, "The Pity of It." Act II., Sc. 1.

ONE of the most dastardly crimes that ever stained the cloth of a minister of the Church of England was committed in Bedfordshire by the Reverend Robert Woodward, vicar of the Parish Church of Harrold, in that county, assisted by his two daughters, who conspired to swear away the life of a fine, respectable young fellow, a saddler of that village, named James Harris.

The particulars of the trial, which took place in the early part of 1817, created an uncommon degree of excitement owing to the peculiar character of the crime imputed. So peculiar was it, indeed, that, even in those days, when people were less particular as to what was stated in our public courts than they are to-day, all ladies had to be ordered to withdraw, in spite of the fact that two of the prisoners were women, and a clergyman's daughters.

The indictment charged the Rev. Robert Woodward, Clerk in Holy Orders; Susannah Woodward, spinster; and Sarah Woodward, spinster, with having foully and maliciously conspired together falsely to accuse one James Harris of having committed a rape on the person of Susannah Woodward, in furtherance of which conspiracy the said parties did appear before the Rev. W. Hooper, one of the magistrates of the county, and preferred this charge, in consequence whereof a warrant was issued for the apprehension of James Harris. He was committed to gaol, and at the last assizes was prosecuted for the offence, but was acquitted.

It will be necessary for us to touch lightly upon the circumstances which led to the trial of the accused, James Harris, who, had he not been acquitted, would have suffered death.

He was the son of a saddler, and had been brought up at the school of the village, over which the Rev. R. Woodward presided, and there had met his two daughters; but, of course, not on equal terms, he being the son of a mechanic. As time went on, and the industrious lad learned his father's trade, he became attached to a pretty girl of the village, and eventually became engaged to her. His sweetheart ultimately took a situation at the rectory, and the young people were devotedly attached to each other.

Susannah Woodward, a most unattractive young woman of twenty-five years of age, seemed envious of any girl who proved sufficiently fascinating to attract the attention of the opposite sex, and made no disguise of her dislike to the pretty girl to whom Harris was engaged. So much so, indeed, that she was not satisfied until she had obtained the girl's discharge.

It would appear that this eldest daughter was a source of great trouble to her father, and had a will of her own. Of an exceedingly amorous disposition, she was, to use the old country expression, constantly "setting her cap" at one or other of the young country fellows, and certainly her eyes were more frequently cast about to meet those of some

favourite in church on Sundays than concentrated upon her prayer-book.

On more than one occasion, too, suspicious breaking of twigs of the bushes surrounding the vicarage grounds were heard, and folks did say that Miss Susannah was receiving one or other of her lovers by "moonlight alone" in the seclusion of the grounds, and allowing "soft nothings" to be whispered in her ears. So great a scandal did the report of these assignations create that Miss Susannah was practically shunned by the respectable girls of the village, and she persistently absented herself from the society of her equals, rarely being seen abroad farther than the grounds of the vicarage, and never attending church without being enveloped in a large cloak.

Quick to perceive, her sex, none too fond of the "stuck-up" clergyman's daughter, set many rumours about which were not far short of the mark. It was the same old story. The frailty of her sex had given way and she was about to become a mother.

Nobody will ever know what scenes took place within the walls of that vicarage. The Rev. R. Woodward, a stern, sour-tempered man, very proud and unscrupulous, was determined that, come what might, he would not allow his name or that of his daughter should be tarnished, so the two girls and the father put their heads together and hatched the vile plot in which they meant to sacrifice the life of an innocent man for the sake of saving the girl's name, and so save his daughter from having the finger of scorn pointed at her, whilst enlisting the feelings of pity from her friends.

The conspiracy was well worked out, and all the details of the fictitious violation on the part of James Harris well grasped by the three unscrupulous wretches, for the name of the actual father could not be revealed for reasons which would have affected the reverend gentleman's living. And so the three conspirators went to one of the magistrates of the county and made their affidavits charging James Harris, as above described in the indictment given above. The father declared that his daughter had but just then acquainted him with her condition, and the sister declared that she was sworn to secrecy.

Clever as this man might have been, and well planned as the conspiracy was, he was ignorant of that point of law, or, rather, rule of evidence, that the prosecutrix, having concealed the fact of the violation for so many months, such concealment by law prevented the conviction of the person accused.

So James Harris stepped out of gaol a free man. So strong was the feeling against the clergyman and his daughters that the young saddler and his friends determined to clear his name in the eyes of the world, so the Public Prosecutor was induced to take up the case.

The excitement became intense throughout the county of Bedfordshire when the Lent Assizes of 1817 were held, and the three accused placed in the dock to answer this charge of conspiracy, Susannah by this time having become a mother.

Sergeant Blossett prosecuted, and, after describing the infamous details which were asserted to have taken place in the garden of the vicarage and the brutal behaviour alleged against Harris, pointed out the absurdity of the whole charge. He drove his argument home by pointing out that the girl never disclosed her condition to anybody but her sister until eight months after the alleged occurrence, during which period she lived in her father's house and under her father's eyes, pointing out that she always wore a large cloak and kept secluded from public view. Was it possible for her father to have been deceived? No longer able to conceal, the three conceived the idea of going to the magistrate and preferring the charge against the young man, Harris.

One of the bitterest speeches ever made from the bench was that delivered by the judge in passing sentence. He asserted that it was impossible to imagine a case more melancholy than that which was before him; a clergyman of the Church of England, a character which stood high in the country, convicted on the clearest and most satisfactory evidence of the most abominable and atrocious conspiracy, a crime which became more dreadful from his having induced his two unfortunate daughters to follow him in his career and to bear part of his foul load of infamy.

The learned judge confessed that he knew not how to do justice. Compassion for the infirmities of human nature might induce him to alleviate the severity of the punishment; but in this case all compassion was swallowed up in the contemplation of the scene before him, a scene which presented to his view a man who, in spite of the benefits of education and dictates of religion, had sunk to the last degree of human crime.

The sentence he passed upon the Rev. Robert Woodward was imprisonment in the common gaol of Bedford for a term of two years. The two girls, Susannah and Sarah, were each sentenced to twelve months in the same prison.

There was not a soul present in court who did not express their satisfaction at the way they had been treated, and on their departure from the court the crowd hooted, whilst the young saddler, with his pretty sweetheart upon his arm, received an ovation which he must have remembered to his dying day.

A new parson came to the Vicarage, a gentleman revered and loved by the villagers and the gentry of the county, and the temporal and spiritual health of the hamlet of Harrold, in Bedfordshire, assumed a much healthier tone.

One of the first ceremonies the new parson was called upon to perform was to unite the young saddler in matrimony with the pretty, faithful girl who, from start to finish, had never faltered or allowed herself to doubt the innocence

In the seclusion of the grounds.

of the man she loved, whose life, perhaps, had been saved by a fluke upon a point of law, but who had so providentially escaped the villainous attack of a minister of the Church, whose profession was to disseminate truth.

The bells rang out merrily on the wedding morn, and all the lads and the lasses from the village and afar came to the church, whilst a handsome wedding gift was subscribed for by the gentry of the county, and presented publicly to the young couple, with congratulations upon their escape, and sincere wishes for their happiness in the progress of their lives.

What Did It Mean?

The eminent Irish counsel, Bully Egan, once had an important case for trial at the assizes, in which the rival leader, Mr. Hoare, was for the plaintiff. Hoare made a powerful impression on the jury by a very telling speech, and this fact roused Egan to put forth all his eloquence and skill to baffle him. After demolishing the plaintiff's case to his own satisfaction, he wound up his address as follows: "My learned friend, gentlemen, may run away with the idle notion that all this loud and empty declamation of his has secured for him your verdict; but, gentlemen, I know you too well, I have known you too long, I have experienced too often already that twelve men of your commanding sense and discrimination will not and cannot be led away so easily by the dark oblivion of a brow."

Egan's fellow counsel, on leaving the court, were anxious to inquire from him the precise meaning he attached to the last words of his speech. "Well," said he, "the jury may possibly have some difficulty with the phrase, but it occurred to me that it would prove uncommonly telling with them." And so it appeared to have done, as they returned to court with a verdict for the defendant.

A Hunted Felon.

How the POACHER-MURDERER MACALLUM was chased through the mountains like a beast of prey, and brought to bay at last.

"They hunted him thro' bush and brake,
They hunted him on the hill.
They found him at last in the mirk midnight,
When all the world was still."
—OLD BALLAD.

CRIME of a serious character is so rare in the Highlands of Scotland that when an offence of greater magnitude than usual occurs in those sparsely populated regions, the scattered inhabitants are stirred to the very depths of their souls. Assaults and petty thefts there may be in the villages and hamlets, together with frequent poaching, and occasional instances of illicit whisky-distilling upon the moors and mountains; but murder is very seldom heard of. When such a case does take place the horror it excites is scarcely to be understood in more southern latitudes, where the taking of man's life is an almost every-day occurrence. Twenty years had elapsed since murder had stained the beautiful and picturesque valley of Strathspey.

Allan Macallum, the wild poacher of Glenmore, was no ordinary being. For seven long years he had been the most notorious and daring game-thief in the Central Highlands. Not in the memory of the oldest inhabitant had there been a man so fearless and reckless. He was born at Loch Ericht, but his boyhood was spent in the gloriously romantic braes of Lochaber. His father was a gamekeeper, and at the time of his death, some ten years before the date of the story we are about to relate, was in the employment of an English sportsman who had shootings in the neighbourhood of Fort William.

Allan had from the outset a stormy career. While in Lochaber he began his predatory habits, and the efforts of his father to break him of his predilection for poaching were futile. He had, in his earlier days, frequent conflicts, not only with his parent, but with the keepers over whom his father acted as head. The end of it was Allan went to the Falkland Islands, and for seven years or so worked as a shepherd. His life there, as it had been at home, if reliance can be placed upon reports, was wild and boisterous; but only bits of it became known, and then only when he was in his cups.

He again made his appearance in Lochaber some time in 1890, and on finding the household broken up through the death of his father, came on to where his mother and brother were residing, in a small house in the forest of Glenmore. The brother was at this time gamekeeper on a portion of the Glenmore estate, and had been employed in this capacity for a couple of years or so. The mother and son were comfortably situated, having a cow and other cattle. Shortly after Allan's appearance on the scene the family removed to Coylum Bridge, and for a number of months he lived quietly, going in and out among the neighbours, who regarded him as an inoffensive man.

The monotonous existence led by the people in this Highland strath, far removed from the hurly-burly of city life, began to tell upon him, and the ex-Falkland Island shepherd grew restive and strange in his habits. He would suddenly disappear for a week at a time, and neither his mother, brother, nor anyone else knew aught of his whereabouts. On coming home from the Falklands he had a trifle of money to work upon, but when it was done he betook himself to his old and familiar vocation of poacher. There is no district in Scotland that affords the poacher better opportunities for prosecuting his illegal calling than the wild mountainous districts with their wooded forests north of the great Grampian chain, stretching from Banffshire, on the east, to Fort William, on the west. The clever, agile, and daring poacher can elude for years the closest espionage of keepers and police

Allan knew every mile of it, knew the uninhabited bothies in the depths of the forest of Glenmore, and the lonely huts on the slopes of the blue ridges of the Cairngorms, and in the lowest furrowed ravines of Ben Macdhui. He had studied, too, where to get the best markets for his spoil, and many game-dealers, both in England and Scotland, were familiar with his name.

When his aged mother returned to Lochaber to reside with some relatives, Allan disappeared for a time, but soon afterwards turned up in Glenmore, where his brother Donald was living. Latterly rumours went about that Allan and his brother were not on the friendliest terms, and that the former had started poaching on an extensive scale. Donald objected to this wholesale slaughter of game on his master's preserves, and decided to sever connection with Allan. But before the final separation took place angry words passed, and a threat was uttered by Allan to do his brother serious injury. The matter was reported to the police, and the local officer, stationed at Aviemore, made a journey up the glen, and tried to arrest Allan, but the house was securely barricaded, and the policeman had to return without having effected his purpose. The matter was further reported at police-headquarters in Inverness, and the local officer made a second visit to Allan's domicile, this time accompanied by an escort. But the second police expedition was as fruitless as the first, and Allan remained at large.

It was then stated that he was insane and dangerous, and some of the inhabitants who saw him prowling about got alarmed. That he was a dangerous character the police had known for at least six years, and the matter of surprise was that no endeavour had been made to have him examined by

Threatened he would shoot him.

a competent medical authority, who would possibly have certified that he was not a man who should have been allowed to roam at large. For four years, then, he had entirely abandoned himself to the sole pursuit of poaching. Previous to that he had made an effort to obtain employment, and

one year at least he was engaged as shepherd by a northern sheep farmer, whose stock was wintered in some part of Aberdeenshire. But since then he had been an out-and-out poacher, and few men could set a snare and use a gun with more deadly effect than he.

Allan was then a man of about forty-three years of age, of splendid physique, standing five feet ten or eleven inches in height. He was broad-shouldered, deep-chested, with powerful arms and legs. He had a tendency to corpulency, with a slightly bulldog type of neck; but, taken all over, a stranger, meeting him casually in the Highlands, would have set him down as a good specimen of the genus game-keeper. He always wore knickerbockers made of homespun tweed, heavy, thick, home-woven stockings, and hob-nailed boots. He had a slight moustache, thick, darkish hair, and wore frequently a double-pleated Inverness cape. There was nothing in the features that suggested crime or vice, but

FOUND HIMSELF OVERPOWERED AND HANDCUFFED.

the eyes were often fierce and full of fire. He walked with the slow, measured gait peculiar to the gamekeeper as well as to the policeman, and seemed to suspect everybody with whom he came into contact. He led an isolated life, and kept company with none of the poachers in the district. His dog was his only companion, and they were inseparable. He was much attached to his mother, and woe betide the man or woman who spoke ill of her in his presence. He was never married, and lived with an old woman at Tulloch, because it suited his convenience as a base for poaching operations, and was within reasonable distance of Boat of Garten Railway Station, from which place his consignments of game were dispatched. The gamekeepers for miles around Tulloch were afraid of him, and for years he had been permitted to roam at will unmolested in the forests of Abernethy, Glenmore, and Rothiemurchus.

So much for Macallum's history and personal appearance. Now for the crime.

About a fortnight before the night of the murder Macallum was convicted in absence in the Inverness Sheriff Court of trespassing on the lands of Tullochmore, on the Seafield estates. After evidence had been led, as they say in Scotland, he was found guilty by Sheriff Scott-Moncrieffe, and sentenced to pay a fine of 5s., with £2 12s. of expenses, which to those unaccustomed to the ways of Scottish courts would appear to be somewhat disproportionate, taking the smallness of the fine and the amount of the costs. It appeared that Macallum had sent a letter stating that he had recently been in only "moderate health," and as a result could not attend the court, but, if informed regarding the amount of the fine, he would forward the money.

Macallum, however, did not pay the fine, and a warrant was granted for his apprehension. Two constables, named King and Macniven, were told off for the purpose of executing this warrant. Owing to the desperate character of Macallum, the two men were requested from headquarters to effect the arrest of the poacher.

Both constables met early on Tuesday morning, December 20th, 1898, and proceeded to the house of May Macpherson, a cottar at Milton of Tulloch, where Macallum lodged. They failed to find him in the house, the woman stating that he had gone out for firewood. The constables remained at the house for three-quarters of an hour, and thereafter they agreed to wend their way in two different directions in pursuit of Macallum. A short time afterwards Constable Macniven came upon Macallum, who, upon observing the constable, threatened him, remarking that if he dared to approach he (Macallum) would shoot him in the heart. Constable Macniven endeavoured to pacify Macallum, who said he was willing to pay the fine, but would fight for his liberty. Subsequently he went away in the direction of Easter Tulloch. Upon meeting Constable King Macniven related his experience with the poacher, and it was then resolved, on the suggestion of King, that they should again visit Macallum at his lodgings. They reached the place about four o'clock in the afternoon. Constable Macniven entered the best room, and Constable King went into the kitchen. While in the room, which was dark, Constable Macniven heard a shot fired, and upon proceeding to the kitchen, which was also in darkness, he tripped over the body of Constable King, who had evidently fallen on the threshold of the kitchen.

Constable Macniven at once raised the alarm. By this

time Macallum had evidently escaped into the wood by a back door. A local postman, Donald Grant, went to the assistance of Constable Macniven, and informed the latter that he had seen Macallum running from the back door into the wood. When Constable Macniven went into the kitchen he did not see Macallum, who, undoubtedly, escaped at once. Constable King was lying on the floor with his head towards the fireplace and his legs towards the door. He was quite dead.

Such was the murder. Let us follow the hunt.

On the following day a large force of policemen arrived at Nethybridge to assist in scouring the country for Allan Macallum, the murderer. About nine o'clock on the previous evening, five hours after the murder, the fugitive called on an old man near Loch Garten and demanded food and a pair of boots, stating that he was pursued by the police. Food was given him, and a pair of old boots that had got hard with age were handed over, Macallum passing the remark that he would soften them in the loch. From that moment all trace of him was lost, though his dog returned to the miserable hovel where his master lived, and refused to leave the premises, growling and snapping at all who attempted to approach it.

During the whole of that week, police, gamekeepers, farmers, and others turned out on the man hunt. Reports and rumours flew about the country like wildfire. Some said the fugitive was making tracks for Donside, while others as positively asserted that he had fled to a secret cave on Ben Macdhui, which he and another poacher, named Murray, had used for several years. The murderer seemed a veritable will-o'-the-wisp. He was seen here, he was seen there. One time he was close to the scene of the murder, and in an hour or two he was miles away at Tomintoul. There never was such a baffling scoundrel as the wild poacher of Glenmore. In spite of all these allegations by the country folk, it is doubtful if Macallum was ever many miles from Nethybridge.

The Sabbath passed, and never had the people been known to take so little interest in the kirk and the sermon. On the Monday the hunt was resumed, many of those joining in it doing so merely from a spirit of bravado. Had Macallum suddenly appeared before some of the louder boasters, it is Lombard Street to a china orange they would have bolted helter-skelter.

The weather was intensely cold up there among the moors and mountains, and the fugitive was without shelter, and without his gun or ammunition wherewith to procure food. The week wore away, and towards the end of it came authentic news of the murderer's whereabouts.

After darkness set in on Thursday evening, Macallum crossed over to the edge of the forest, and late that night went over the bleak moorland several miles to the farm of Tom-na-croich, where he had at one time worked as a labourer. He knew a servant there named James Macfarlane, and when the latter entered a barn on Friday morning about six o'clock, he found Macallum lying on a heap of straw at the end of the barn. The fugitive did not appear to be asleep, but was exceedingly wearied and woebegone-looking. He sat up and spoke to Macfarlane, making no reference whatever to the murder, or that he was pursued by the police. They conversed about things in general for a little while, and then Macfarlane gave information to Mr. Bell, his master, who rushed off with all speed to Nethybridge, about a mile and a half distant, for the police.

Deputy Chief Constable Chisholm, Sergeant Fraser, Kingussie, and Constable McBeth, Inverness, accompanied Mr. Bell to the farm, arriving there about seven o'clock. Meanwhile, Macallum had been kindly treated by the inmates, and while lying among the straw was offered tea and bread. Though jaded, he refused to eat, but partook of a cup of tea.

As he was known to carry his bowie knife with him, the police took the utmost precautions, and the flashlight from the lanterns had hardly illuminated his face when he found himself overpowered and handcuffed. He was charged with the murder of Constable King, and having been duly warned not to incriminate himself, he wisely said nothing. It was thought that he did not altogether appear to be surprised that he was run to earth, and we can well believe it, after the terrible experiences he must have undergone in the mountains. Manacled to two policemen, he was marched over the bleak moor in the darkness of a dull winter morning to the Abernethy Hotel, where preparations had been made for his reception. The news of his arrest had spread through the village of Nethybridge, and a number of people were present when he entered the hotel. He was well known in the place, and everyone who saw him declared that they could hardly have believed that he could have so altered in appearance in so short a period. His clothes, which used to be fairly smart, hung in tatters, and wearing, as he did, the old boots which had been given him by the man Stewart, near Loch Garten, on the night of the murder, he presented a most miserable appearance. The haughty, overbearing mien of the poacher had disappeared, and with a slouching gait and downcast look he marched into the hotel. He was offered a substantial breakfast, but refused to eat, and could only be induced to drink a cup of tea. The offer of spirits, of which he was formerly so fond when in a brawling mood, was also refused, and during the two and a half hours that he remained in the hotel he spoke little, and kept gazing in the fire or on the ground. In the course of the day he was taken to Inverness, brought before the sheriff, and formally remanded.

The trial of Allan Macallum, charged with the murder of Constable King, took place at a special sitting of the High Court of Justiciary, in the Castle, Inverness, on Tuesday, 14th February, 1899. Lord Trayner was the presiding judge.

The case excited extraordinary interest, not only in Inverness, but throughout the Highlands, and there was a crowded attendance, hundreds being unable to obtain admittance. The prisoner was brought into court from a private entrance communicating with the prison. Ladies filled a considerable part of the gallery. The "productions" in the case consisted of a couple of guns, and a basketful of clothes, boots, and other articles of which the police had taken possession. The prisoner wore a new suit of clothes of a light pattern. On entering the court, escorted by two constables, he looked exceedingly haggard, but he walked smartly to the dock and took his seat.

The prisoner pleaded not guilty, and the defence was based upon Macallum's insanity. It was said that he had suffered from heatstroke in Patagonia, and his advocate, Mr. P. J. Blair, made the most that could be made of the statement; but the medical witnesses utterly controverted the theory.

After the summing up, the jury retired to consider their verdict, and after an absence of nineteen minutes, returned, Mr. McCorquodale, the foreman, saying they found the prisoner guilty of culpable homicide.

His lordship, addressing the prisoner, said: "Taking the most favourable view of the case, it is impossible to pass anything but a severe and lengthened sentence, which will be one of fifteen years' penal servitude."

Ten of the jury were in favour of the verdict, four were for a verdict of murder, and one for not proven.

Whether Macallum was mad or not at the time he committed the deed, there can be little doubt about the state of his mind now. He gives more trouble to the prison authorities at Peterhead than any other prisoner there. At times he absolutely refuses to work, and becomes thoroughly unmanageable. He eats vast quantities of salt when he can lay hands on it, and shouts lustily for water. The consequence of such conduct will be that if he is not sent to a criminal lunatic asylum in the interim, he will most probably have to serve his full time without reduction.

Where She Would Go To.

A LITTLE girl was once called as a witness in the Irish courts, and before examining her the judge, as usual, asked her a few questions in order to ascertain whether she understood the nature of an oath and her fitness for giving evidence. He said to her, "Little girl, do you know where you'll go to if you tell a lie?" The girl hesitated for a few moments, and then replied, "Troth, yer honour, I'll go to Father Mollowney."

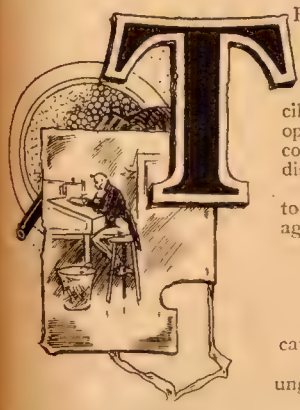
Sheridan in the Witness-Box.

SHERIDAN, the great lawyer, was once called as a witness in a case against Mr. Ferguson, a counsel who afterwards made a large fortune at the Indian bar, but who, on the occasion under notice, was indicted along with Lord Thanet at Maidstone Assizes for a seditious riot in aiding the rescue of prisoners who had been acquitted, but detained on a fresh charge. Sheridan was a witness for the defence, and Mr. Garrow cross-examined him, and, not liking the answer he received to a certain question, was using the ordinary form before repeating the question: "Perhaps I do not make myself understood?" "Certainly you do not," said Sheridan very coolly. "Oh, then," said Garrow, "I will put the question in another form." But still the wished-for and anticipated answer was not forthcoming. Garrow then said, "It is, perhaps, my obscure and confused way of putting it?" Sheridan bowed assent to this very ceremoniously, and said, "Exactly so," a retort which created loud laughter at Mr. Garrow's expense.

.. A ..

Fatal Marriage

"Oh, Youth! time of folly,
When passion seems love."
—WEDMORE, "A Song of Youth."



THE girl's family strenuously opposed the marriage. Several relations, who had existed for the past ten years in a state of irreconcilable feud, united in the opinion that such an alliance could end in nothing but disaster.

"I forbid you, Mary, ever to see that young man again," said Mr. Grenfel.

"Very well, papa."

"You will obey me?"

"No, papa."

"You defy your father?"

"I do not defy you, but I cannot obey."

"You are impertinent and ungrateful!"

"I am neither, papa, but I must marry Ab."

"I order you to abandon such a thought!"

"I cannot help that—I must marry him."

"What do you mean? There is no 'must' in the case."

"There is."

"Explain yourself. Why *must* you marry this young man, Jessop?"

"Because—because I am going to have a child!"

With a stifled cry, the father reeled back. He was too dazed to answer at first, for he saw in the flash of a moment the noble edifice of the family honour, which he and his had laboured through many strenuous years to support and strengthen, crumble and fall into the dust of ignominy and disgrace.

The Grenfels were a prosperous family, who resided in the town of Clayton, Yorkshire, some fifty years ago. Mr. Grenfel's daughter Mary had been carefully educated in cultured circles. All her parents' ambition had been centred in the girl; it was for her that they worked and schemed for aggrandisement and worldly advancement.

Mr. and Mrs. Grenfel hoped she would make a brilliant match, and, as the girl was pretty and attractive, it seemed likely that their ambitions would be fulfilled.

But has not long usage taught us that "pride cometh before a fall"?—long usage and constant misquotation—and the fond dreams of these worthy people were doomed to be dispelled in a rude awakening. Mr. Grenfel had on several occasions befriended a young man of the name of Abraham Jessop, called "Ab" by his familiars, who also lived in Clayton.

Jessop was in no way the equal of the Grenfels. He was a working-man, with some clerkly experience, and was invariably in indigent circumstances. Grenfel employed him in several different situations, as a clerk and a labourer. On many occasions, whilst in her father's service, Jessop met Mary Grenfel. The parents had thought no more of this than they would have thought of their daughter meeting by chance any other servant. Jessop was a dependent, and therefore an article of furniture, to be shifted at his master's will, a machine, useful enough in its province of labour, but devoid of all human emotions, desires and partialities. That their daughter could ever for a moment regard such a creature with feelings other than those which might be excited by any faithful and praiseworthy domestic the Grenfels never imagined to be possible.

Imagine their horror on learning from the idolised Mary's lips that she not only loved the groundling and had promised to marry him, but had yielded to his desire and expected to give birth to a child!

"Are you sure of this, Mary?" said Mr. Grenfel, when his dismay at last found utterance in words.

"Positive, papa."

"Then—then all is ended!"

"Ended, papa! What do you mean?"

"I mean—God knows what I mean!—but be certain of this, I have done with you—your mother has done with you! You can go where you please and with whom you please. You have perfect liberty to complete your ruin!"

The old man turned away.

"Oh, father, don't talk to me so! I couldn't help it! I loved him—I do love him!"

"That is no affair of mine. Do now in everything as you please. I have done with you!"

Mary shed a few tears over her father's anger, and then ran out to Jessop's lodgings to inform him of the news.

The two young people speedily forgot all about Mr. Grenfel and his anger in their own love, which was as young as themselves and as imprudent. The two lovers were enjoying a period of "very midsummer madness." What was position, the base matter of metal, or the world's opinion, when contrasted with their brilliant, glowing affection, which tinctured the commonplaces of life with the rosy hues of fairy-land? They both fancied themselves to be tremendously in love, and this in one case was a true estimate of a heart's condition; they both despised the world with its clamorous tongues; they both, being very young and imprudent, fell down and worshipped an idol in the belief that it was God. They demand rather our pity than our sneers, for the case is not uncommon. How many of us readers and writers have followed a shadow and thought it was substance; how many of us have fallen down in mute adoration before that which we took to be love's very self, so cunning was the resemblance; and how many of us have discovered our idol to be but a painted effigy, and Eros still far away in the wilderness?

It was so with Mary and her lover; they made no allowance for young blood and the dictates of passion, but persistently deluded themselves that in all time the world had never contained such a love as thrilled their hearts.

Mr. Grenfel made Mary a present of one hundred pounds,

"You have perfect liberty to complete your ruin!"

and this, with what little ready cash Abraham Jessop had by him, seemed to their enchanted understandings sufficient for them to live upon for ever in an Elysium of perfected bliss.

They left Clayton and were married, and, in spite of what he had before said, Mr. Grenfel was pleased at the news. He did not wish his daughter to bring a dishonoured child into the world, and he argued of the two degradations between which his "unhappy child" could choose, the

degradation of marriage with Abraham Jessop was the lesser.

The marriage was kept a strict secret from the inhabitants of Clayton. It was widely known that Mary Grenfel had left her father's roof, had contracted a marriage against her parents' will, and had thus become estranged from the regard of her family, but the name and person of her husband was still a secret.

Six months passed, and then one day Mr. Grenfel received the following letter, on which was inscribed a London post-mark:

"I am coming home to you. Will you take me in?—Your distracted and miserable daughter, MARY."

Six months, and the dreams had already been banished! Six months only, and the idol had been utterly abased!

Mary came home. In appearance she looked worn and tired, and much of youth had gone out of her eyes. She was poorly dressed and seemed broken in spirit.

"Oh, my mother!" she sobbed, when resting on the long-denied maternal breast, "never let me leave you again! I am oh! so miserable! I want only to be with you and papa—I want nothing else!"

Her tale was the old recital of youthful folly struggling with poverty, love in indigence, and the consequent death of love. All their little money had been squandered on the gratification of excitement, and when the last note had been expended, and life came forward in grim reality and had to be faced, love, or what Mary had taken to be love, quailed before the encounter and fled.

"But your child?" said Mr. Grenfel—"where is your child?"

"Oh, father, forgive me!—I never had a child. It was a lie!"

"A lie!"

"Yes. I knew if I said I was about to have a child you would let me marry Abraham, and so——"

"Well?"

"And so I pretended I was going to have one. But it wasn't true, it was all a lie, father!"

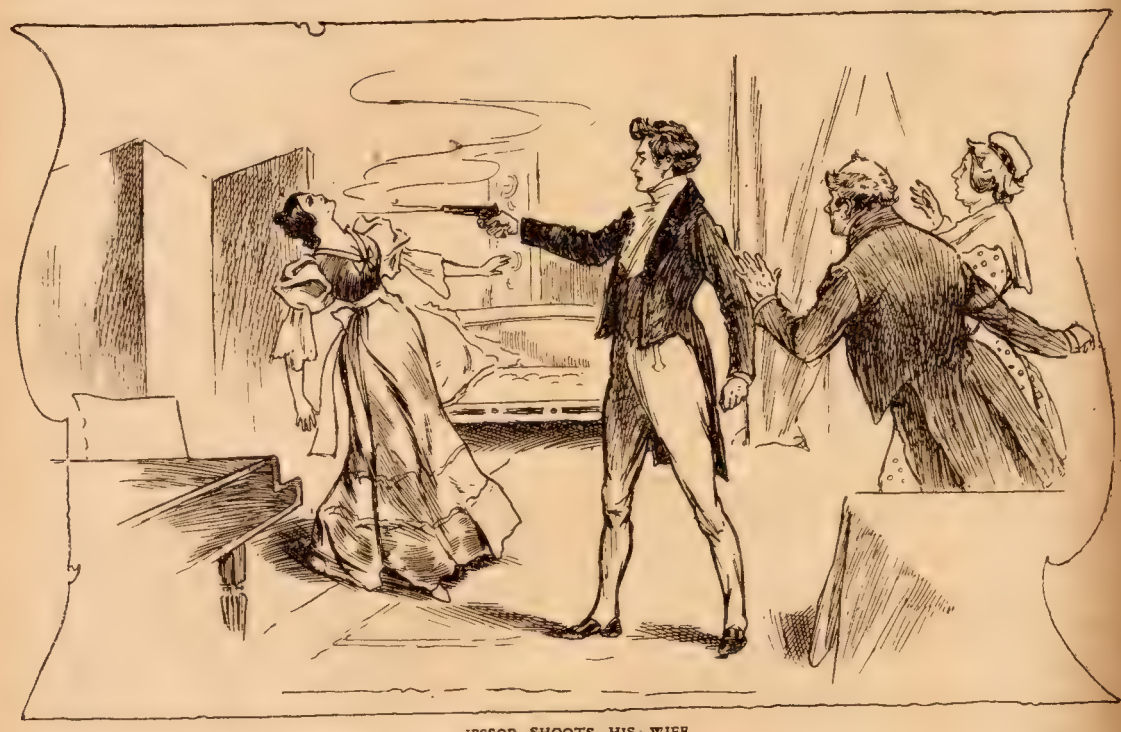
Mr. Grenfel found it very hard to forgive this deception, the cause, he argued, of the irreparable catastrophe which had befallen Mary; but her present condition was so pitiable and her mother solicited his forgiveness with such tenderness that finally he was compelled to partially abandon his position of irreconcilability, and gave to Mary the kiss of peace.

After a few months in her father's house Mary began to recover much of her original gaiety of disposition. The roses came back to her cheeks and smiles to her lips. She became more popular than ever in the district in her new character of a young widow, for such she was styled, and was everywhere fêted and adulated.

She had not heard from her husband, Abraham Jessop, for over a year—he had told her that he would never write until he was able to support her in a proper position, and this she felt certain he would never be able to do, so considered him practically dead—when a letter arrived to say that fortune had smiled upon him at last, and that he had a great surprise for his darling little wife. The mysterious letter troubled her greatly. She showed it to her parents, and they were at as much loss as herself to read its true meaning.

"What can be the surprise?" asked Mrs. Grenfel.

"I don't know," replied her husband, "but if the fellow is in a decent position, as his letter suggests, then I suppose you, Mary, will be glad to join him?"



JESSOP SHOOTS HIS WIFE.

"Oh, no! I don't want to!"

"You love him?"

"I did—I thought I did, but I was mistaken. I could not bear him now!"

Soon after this conversation a gentleman friend of the Grenfels called.

"By the way," he said, after talking on other subjects, "I've got a new under-manager coming to my quarries, and his name is Jessop. No relation to your late husband, I suppose?"

"Oh, no!" said Mary, who was nearly fainting.

"What is his other name?" asked Mr. Grenfel.

"Abraham—Abraham Jessop. By all accounts he should be a very smart fellow. He used to live in this town, I believe."

When the friend had gone Mary rushed to her father.

"Oh, what shall I do?—tell me what am I to do? You see what his 'surprise' is now."

"You will have to acknowledge him your husband."

"I can't!—I shall die!"

"Besides, we should be ruined," put in her mother. "Mary is thought to be a widow."

Half distracted by the extraordinary position of affairs, Mr. Grenfel advised Mary to see Abraham when he came to

Clayton, tell him she no longer loved him, and could not live with him. At some future time, he argued, the deplorable marriage might be annulled. For the present all that could be done was to arrange with Abraham to keep the secret.

Jessop arrived at Clayton and found a letter waiting him:

"Come to our house this evening, and tell nobody.—
"MARY."

A little puzzled by this note, which left so much to his imagination, Abraham hastened to the Grenfels'. He was met by Mr. Grenfel, who did not extend his hand.

"Mr. Jessop," said he coldly, "my daughter wishes to see you."

"Where is my wife?"

"Follow me."

The stern old man led the way into the dining-room. Mary was there and Mrs. Grenfel.

"My love!" cried Abraham, impulsively rushing forward to clasp her in his arms.

She rose up from her chair, cold and statue-like and waved him aside. He stopped, stammering his astonishment.

"Mary! is this the way you meet your husband?"

"Be calm, please. I wish to talk seriously."

"Yes, yes, I will be calm, but what has happened?"

"Listen! I suppose you have come here to claim me as your wife?"

"Yes."

"That can never be."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I can never live with you. It would be death."

"My God! what are you saying, Mary?"

"I do not love you."

"You do! you do! you have told me so a thousand times!"

"I was mistaken. I have found out the truth. We must remain apart as we are."

"But, darling——"

"Don't! Don't talk to me like that. I hate to hear it!"

"You loved it once."

"It is past. I was mad. I am sane now."

"You love someone else?"

"Perhaps."

"God! you will drive me mad!"

"Be calm, Mr. Jessop," interjected Mary's father. He was delighted with his daughter's attitude.

"You love someone else and wish to throw me over?"

"Be reasonable. We are not fitted for one another; you must see that. Very well, now, is it not better that we should remain apart? I want you to agree with me—it is for your own happiness as well as mine—I want you to forget all about that wretched, mad marriage. I want you to behave as though you had never known me."

Jessop was for a moment silent.

"What is your answer?" said Mary.

"My answer—this is my answer!"

In a second he whipped a revolver from his pocket and levelled it at the girl. A cry—a flash—a report and a cloud of smoke.

Mary was lying on the floor, with a small hole in her forehead. Shrieking with terror, Mrs. Grenfel rushed at Jessop. With a blow he sent her staggering to the wall. Grenfel was upon him, but was no match for his delirious strength. The old man fell against the wall, half stunned.

A flash—a second report—a cloud of smoke.

Abraham Jessop was lying on the floor, with a small hole in his forehead. Mary and her husband were both dead.

All this happened in the autumn of 1850, but there are still several Yorkshire veterans who remember in the winter of their life when their childhood was startled by the news of the Clayton tragedy.

Murder by a Sheep.

FULLER tells us that "There was a hanging stone on the boundary of the parish of Combe Martin, Devonshire. It got its name from a thief who, having stolen a sheep, and tied it round his neck to carry it on his back, rested himself for awhile on this stone, which was about a foot high, until the sheep, struggling, slid over the stone on the other side, and so strangled the man. Let the lawyers dispute whether the sheep, in this case, was forfeited to the King's almoner as a deodand."

Macdonald,

THE MURDERER.

The Crime near Bolton in 1890—The Victim, Elizabeth Holt—The Encounter—The reckless brutality of the Murder—The Criminal's Vicious Career—Suspected of the Murder of Thomas Mather—His Trial—Confession—Execution.

"How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak!
Your eyes do menace me? Why look you pale?
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?"
—SHAKESPEARE, "King Richard III.," Act I., Sc. I.

SOME criminals seem to serve a sort of apprenticeship to the scaffold. They commence their careers of crime with some minor offence, which serves to initiate them into the mysteries of prison life. Undeterred by the rigour and restraint of the system, they risk re-incarceration as soon as ever they are given their liberty, and advancing on the path of evil, the commission of some more serious crime brings them before judge and jury, and secures them a more protracted visit to one of His Majesty's gaols. There they plan further depredations and evolve schemes for the spoliation of the public upon whom they prey. Later, perhaps, a murderous assault will accompany the habitual criminal's attempt at burglary and robbery, and thus he qualifies rapidly for his final apotheosis beneath the shadow of the black flag.

Many and many a murder has been engendered in the solitary prison cell. Confined like a wild beast, the convict seems to borrow something of the nature of the most savage animals, and he contemplates the act of murder—on the restoration of his liberty—with the most perfect *sangfroid*. Mr. Edgar Edwardes's little scheme—happily frustrated after his extinction of the Darby family—for "buying" small businesses and killing and burying their owners, was hatched while he was undergoing a term of imprisonment, and as soon as he was released he proceeded to put into execution his novel method for reducing the population of overcrowded London. I have been told by an ex-convict who was at Dartmoor with Seamen, the Whitechapel murderer, then serving fourteen years for burglary, that the latter made no secret of his absolute determination to murder old Levi as soon as he was free, the Jew having been the means of getting him sentenced. As soon as he was released, this desperado made his way to his victim's house, found means to effect an entrance, and murdered the old man and his housekeeper in the manner he had planned while in gaol. Similar cases I could quote in plenty had I the space at my disposal, but I must hurry on to an account of Mr. Thomas Macdonald, one of nature's perversions, who distinguished himself some few years ago by a particularly brutal and revolting murder.

This inhuman miscreant, the execrated of the wide county of Lancashire, having somewhat luckily escaped hanging for one deed of blood, could not rest satisfied on his laurels, but felt compelled to further deeds of violence. In a word, he was determined not to cheat the hangman. He felt that his whole career would be marred, his destiny frustrated, should death encounter him in any other form. His fate could only be rounded off nicely and poetically on the gallows. So he killed Miss Elizabeth Holt, and met at the hands of Berry the end he had felt himself reserved for.

Lancashire has had almost more than its fair share of atrocious criminals, and Thomas Macdonald stands high amongst them. A more brutal ruffian has rarely existed, and

the horror which his name inspired in the autumn of 1890 is echoed to this day.

This man was a labourer, and thirty-two years of age, at the period of his anything but untimely cutting off—or perhaps I should say cutting down. He was born and bred in the County Palatine, of very humble parents, and at the time of the murder resided with an aunt at Egerton, where she was employed at Ashworth's Mill. He bore an extremely bad character. Some years before he had waylaid a young girl who had attracted his brutal attention, and the result of this adventure was a trial for rape and a verdict of guilty on the clearest evidence. This girl, whose name I refrain from mentioning, was one who was universally beloved in the district where she resided, and her brutal assailant would have fared badly at the hands of the mob if they could have got hold of him. Macdonald was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude, and was only released in April, 1890, only about seven months before his murder of Miss Holt. During that

AT LENGTH HE FOUND THE BOLY.

short period of seven months he had contrived to get himself suspected of murder. On September 13th a young man named Thomas Mather was found drowned in Dunscar Lodge, near Bolton, under circumstances which pointed to foul play. Macdonald was the last man seen in his company, and there were other features about the case which caused the suspicions of the police to be directed towards Macdonald—a loafing, loitering ruffian, who seldom had or wished to have any regular employment. However, there was not quite sufficient evidence to convict Macdonald, although his actual guilt is still asserted in the district, and the verdict of the coroner's jury placed him out of peril of arrest. How he ever became acquainted with his ultimate victim is not quite clear.

Miss Elizabeth Ann Holt, twenty-one years of age, was a teacher at the National Schools at Belmont, six miles from the thriving town of Bolton. She lived with her mother at 532, Derby Road, Dunscar, which is on the main road from Bolton to the village of Belmont. She was a fine, high-spirited, educated girl, of no small personal attractions, and could have had nothing in common with the stunted, illiterate loafer at whose hands she was to meet her death. During the week, and while engaged on her duties at the schools, Miss Holt used to stay at the house of Mr. Swain, who was the master of the Belmont National Schools. On Saturdays she was in the habit of going over to her mother's, remaining at home till the Monday morning, when she used to walk back to Belmont in time for morning school It is possible—nay, probable—that Macdonald had met the girl once or twice on these occasions, and that afterwards he had taken opportunity to throw himself in her way and attract her attention. It is likely that he went so far as to accost and annoy the girl, for she made some complaint once or twice in the village of his conduct, and this fact came to the little blackguard's ears. Miss Holt, however, professed herself as not in the least bit afraid of him. She was taller than he, of powerful build, and the subsequent confession of the murderer proves that she was not easily intimidated.

On Monday, November 10th, 1890, she left her home at 7.30 a.m., and was met on the road by several persons to whom she was known. The last to encounter her was a man who knew her by sight, and who declared that he met her, about a mile and a quarter from Belmont, between eight o'clock and half-past; but she was never again seen alive. She did not turn up at the schools, and Mr. Swain imagined that either she or her mother was ill, and that she was unable to attend that morning. The same evening, however, he sent over to Dunscar to ascertain the cause of her absence, and then her mother learnt, with much anxiety, that she had never reached her destination. Nothing was seen or heard of the missing girl throughout that night, and the next day and the next a thorough search was instituted, with no result. Her mother and friends were quite distracted with grief and worry when the third day passed without news, and it was not until November the 15th that the mystery of her disappearance met with solution.

The whole countryside was horrified to learn that her dead body had been found in a field off the Bolton-Belmont Road, lying in a hollow shaded by a large tree. It was at once apparent that she had been most brutally murdered. There were marks and bruises on the wrists and arms, severe cuts on the head, and kicks about the body. The scalp was hang-

ing over like a flap, and the skull fractured so extensively and with such violence that portions of the bone were driven into the brain. These injuries were quite sufficient to have caused death, but there were others no less serious. The head was almost severed from the body by a series of gashes in the throat, and some of the cuts had penetrated to the spinal column. There were also a number of stabs about the upper part of the body, and the murderer must have continued his work of butchering long after the vital spark had fled. The poor girl had not been outraged; but that the monster who had attacked her had some such purpose in his mind was proved later by the medical testimony.

The news of the awful discovery spread like wildfire in the district, and at once public suspicion was directed to Macdonald. Two persons came forward prepared to swear that they had seen him not far from the scene of the murder about half-past nine on the fatal morning, and the poor girl's complaints as to his conduct were at once remembered. He had been arrested late on the day of the murder for being drunk and disorderly, was detained in the lock-up all night, and fined ten shillings and costs the following morning.

The next day he was taken into custody on suspicion of the murder of Miss Holt, and while then denying his guilt, he made some rambling statement which by no means impressed his auditors with an idea of his innocence. He was taken before the coroner on November 22nd and the 25th, and before the magistrates on the 24th and 27th. He was ultimately fully committed for trial, but in the meanwhile he made an important statement, during the adjournment of the court, to Police Constable Shackleton. His statement amounted to a confession, and shall be given in due course.

The trial of this murderer came on before Justice Cave at Liverpool, the prosecution being conducted by Messrs. McConnell and Steel, and Mr. Cottingham undertaking the defence by instruction of the Crown. The prisoner was advised to plead "Not guilty." A friend of mine, aware of my keen interest in criminology, who happened to be present in court at this trial, sent me the following description of the prisoner:—

"If the face is indeed an indication of the mind, Thomas Macdonald is capable of any and every atrocity. A more ill-looking, abandoned wretch I have never seen. He is of diminutive stature and slight build, dark and cadaverous. His eyes are deep set, and from them he gives forth quick, furtive glances, which can be ferocious, too, at times. His mouth is cruel and sensual, the lips thin and sneering, and the chin denotes obstinacy and tenacity of purpose. He is probably stronger than he looks."

For the rest, I have learnt that he appeared at the time dressed in a black coat and vest, with a large, prison-like tie and corduroy trousers. My informant also referred to the prisoner's "prominent Roman nose." He paid little attention to the evidence, and seemed only anxious to get the proceedings over.

The first evidence taken was in regard to the discovery of the body. A boy named Clement Talbot stated that on November 13th he saw a lady's umbrella and a parcel lying on the ground at a spot where the edge of the road almost met the clough. He took no notice, oddly enough, of the articles at the time, but on the Saturday he mentioned the matter to his elder brother John, who went to the place and noticed that they were still there. He had with him his dog, a collie, who went over the edge of the hollow and began to bark. He saw that the vegetation on the side of this spot had been disturbed and flattened, and going a little farther down, he found a scarf, and later, some articles of clothing and provisions. At length he approached the bottom, and there he found the dead body of a young woman in a hollow, shaded by a tree. It was lying on its right side, the left arm being raised as if to protect the head. Talbot at once gave information to the police, who removed the corpse to the house of Miss Holt's mother.

It appears that Talbot found a packet of butter and of cocoa near the body, and the victim had been carrying these articles when she left home. There was a sort of rough track on the grass, and following that, he found a pair of shoes. The lower garments had been pulled up as high as they would go over the face, and the chest was bare. A lot of bracken and oak leaves had been scattered over the body, partially covering it, and her corsets had been taken off and placed by the side of the deceased. Dr. Robinson described the injuries as "brutal and extraordinary," but if outrage had been the motive of the murderer, his purpose had not been accomplished. Thomas Smith, an architect and surveyor, of Bolton, produced a plan showing Blackburn Road, where the girl lived, to Longworth Lane. The body was lying 104 yards from the road. The prisoner lived 1,333 yards from the house of the deceased girl.

Sarah Holt, a sister of the victim, gave evidence as to Elizabeth leaving home on the Monday morning in good health and spirits, and Mary Collier deposed that she saw deceased going in the direction of Longworth Lane early on the morning of the 10th. The prisoner lived a few doors from this witness's house.

Robert Scholes was driving a milkcart that morning in the neighbourhood, and saw the deceased about eight o'clock, the prisoner being some 150 yards behind, and apparently following her. R. Simpson, a farmer, gave similar evidence, and said that as he passed them Macdonald was 200 yards behind the girl. William H. Valentine and the farmer, going to Longworth Hall on the morning of the 10th, saw them both, and noticed that the deceased was carrying an umbrella. The master of the Belmont Schools was called, and stated that Elizabeth Holt usually arrived on the Monday morning at a quarter to nine.

Henry Taylor Grundy, manager of the Longworth Collieries, stated that he told the prisoner to come to him for work on the morning of the 10th, and that the way would be the same road as Miss Holt was going. Jane Marsden, Mary Ellen Barrie, and Thomas McLean, all came forward to swear that they had seen Macdonald about the spot on that morning, and Honor Bann, aunt of the accused, said that the prisoner had told her that he was "after committing a murder on Elizabeth Holt." She told him to go and drown himself, but Macdonald evidently preferred hanging. At this point the prisoner's counsel addressed the jury on behalf of the prisoner, but he had not proceeded far in his harangue when his client interrupted his eloquence. "I don't want any more," he said roughly. "What's the use of it? I'm guilty."

The prisoner's confession, made shortly after the crime, was put in and read by the clerk of the court as follows:—

"On the 10th November, 1890, at eight o'clock a.m., I started from home to go near Belmont to see the manager of the collieries. On my way, at the spot that has been mentioned, I overtook the deceased. I got hold of her shoulder and asked her what she had been telling lies about me for. I told her that she had set it out that I had followed her a few weeks ago for the purpose of doing her some harm. She told me to let go of her shoulder, and I told her I would not do so until she had retracted what she had said. She jerked her shoulder away out of my hands, shut her umbrella, took hold of the small end of it, and struck me with the handle across the brow. I became enraged, threw her down, and caused those wounds on her head, through being in a violent passion. I then cut her throat, dragged her across the footpath and down the ravine in which she was found. I made the marks in her neck after making the wounds in her throat to destroy all evidence against me. When I took her in the hollow, I got the ferns and oak leaves, but before that I tore and cut open her clothes to see if her heart beat. The reason the clothes were so disarranged and pulled from the lower parts were not caused, as people think, by trying to violate the girl, as I could easily have done if I had so wished; but I did not wish to do so. I did not search for her purse or any other articles. After covering her, I did not go the same way back, but went over the rails a few yards from the body, and then through the clough, and returned home along the wall side. A great many people think this girl was simply got hold of for the purpose of outrage, but I can swear on my dying oath such is not the case. The witnesses have told a great many lies, especially the milkman meeting me in certain places. If I had been seen at Longworth Hall at half-past eight, I should have been found out the same evening, as Jones came by at a quarter to nine, and that would have been the time at which the murder would have been committed. As regards the spot where the murder was committed, it was about three yards from the edge of the trail, close to the footpath. At a quarter-past eight would be the very latest at which this terrible crime was committed."

The reading of this strange "human document" caused no little sensation in court.

The jury did not take long to make up their minds as to the guilt of the prisoner, and after the judge had pronounced sentence, the condemned man was removed, looking palpably relieved.

Macdonald conducted himself very quietly during the in-

terval between his trial and the execution. Without evincing any great concern at his fate, or remorse for his horrible crime, he gave little or no trouble to the governor or warders, and seemed resigned to the end that awaited him. He was visited by no friends or relations, wrote no letters, read nothing, but ate and slept well, and made no particular allusion to the crime.

On December 30th, 1890, he was hanged at Kirkdale Gaol. There were present at the execution Alderman John Hughes, Mr. Wright, the under-sheriff; Dr. Barr, the prison surgeon; Mr. Woods, the chief warder; Major Knox, governor of the gaol; and Father Pennington, the prison chaplain.

The condemned man was aroused at six o'clock, and at half-past the chaplain was admitted to his cell, and the pair engaged in earnest and prayerful conversation for some time. Macdonald was then conducted to the prison chapel, where Mass was said, and the Holy Communion was administered, the prisoner behaving in exemplary fashion. Returning to his cell, the murderer partook of breakfast, consisting of tea, toast, and eggs, and he appeared to relish his last meal. The prison bell began to toll at a quarter to eight, and though it was a dark and dismal morning, a small crowd gathered outside the gaol. The distance from the cell to the scaffold was some 250 yards, and the procession forming, the death-spot was speedily reached. Macdonald seemed quite dazed and stupefied at the prospect of death, and it is probable that he was even now almost unconscious of what was going on around him. It is said that Berry had forgotten to provide the customary white cap, and that he improvised one with his pocket handkerchief. Macdonald continued to look wildly from side to side till his eyes were bandaged and he was assisted to take his place on the fatal drop. The last words the convict uttered were, "Lord, receive my soul."

There was no hitch in the actual execution, and the murderer must have died immediately. His bodily weight was 8 stone 12 lbs., and he was given a drop of 10 feet 4 inches. So perished one of Lancashire's worst murderers.

STRANGLING A STRANGLER.

The odious crimes of Franz Schneider, and the penalty he paid.

"And to-day you hear,
In words that sound as if from human tongues,
Those monstrous uncouth horrors of the past
That blot the blue of heaven and shame the earth!"
—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, "Manhood."

IN every age we find men who stand far apart from their fellows either by reason of their great virtues, their profound learning, or their monstrous vices. With those who are included in the first two categories we have nothing to do here, our end being solely to place before our readers reliable accounts of the lives of those who have rendered themselves notorious for their villainies. Nor do we do this from any morbid motive. Believing with Pope that the "proper study of mankind is man," we recognise that the careers of even the lowest villains provide food for thought and serve to awake in the breasts of the people a detestation of crime for its own hideousness.

Amongst those whose names will be handed down to posterity as having disgraced the last decade of the nineteenth century a prominent place is occupied by Franz Schneider, an Austrian, whose inherent wickedness made him loathsome even to his fellows "whose attributes were Rage, Revenge or Lust." No single motive actuated Schneider in the prosecution of his foul ends; he was a prey to all the worst passions, a veritable brute beast, battening on his kind. His bosom was filled with ideas so horrible that the pen dare not write them, his whole soul was steeped in lust, his very person betokened the untamed animal rather than the reasoning man. In his heart he had no place for even such a low sentiment as greed—to him that would have been a virtue—for the gratification of carnal desires completely absorbed him. He was, as we have said, a very animal, without even that common animal instinct of fidelity to his mate, for at the last he strove to sacrifice his wife to save himself.

In the summer of 1891 the city of Vienna was horrified to learn that in the forest of Neu Lengbach, close to its suburbs, the naked body of a young girl had been discovered. There was no doubt that she had been foully done to death, for the corpse bore evident traces of violation and strangling. The body was hidden in a thicket, and it was clear that not many days had elapsed since death. A hue and cry was raised, and then came news of other girls who had been missing for some days. A veritable panic set in. It was clear that some foul agency was at work, but the police were at a loss to discover the slightest clue which would lead them to the perpetrator of the fearful crime. A week or so elapsed, and then a second body was found at Dreifohrenwalde, close to Neu Lengbach. This corpse proved to be that of one of the girls about whom inquiries were being made, a servant-maid named Maria Hottwanger. She, too, had been outraged, and then strangled.

With the establishment of the identity of this young girl the police got on the track of the murderer. It was found that the victim had been seen to leave Vienna in company with a Mr. Schneider and his wife. The last person who had seen her was her own sweetheart, Karl Hornung, who had learnt that she had been engaged at a registry office by Mrs. Schneider on behalf of a wealthy baroness, with whom she was to live as a sort of superior lady's-maid. More information came to the detectives daily, and they decided to arrest Schneider and his wife on suspicion. But there was the difficulty of locating him to be surmounted. Not a word could be heard of the missing couple.

At last it leaked out that a woman who answered the description of Mrs. Schneider was in the employ of the Baroness Falke, a short distance outside Vienna. A party of constables, in charge of an officer, went at once to the Schloss where the baroness lived, and, after telling her ladyship what was their errand, were permitted to search the house, though the haughty old dame declared that the only servant in her employ who at all answered to the description given was her own confidential maid, Rosalie. However, the officer directed that the place should be examined. Rosalie was found in her own bedroom, and was at once identified by Karl Hornung, who had been brought on the expedition, as Mrs. Schneider. She was arrested, protesting loudly that she was not Frau Schneider. But when, in her presence, the police dragged her husband Franz from under the bed, she changed her tone and said that she had long been married, but had not told her mistress. She also said that for three weeks or more her husband had been sharing her bed by night and living underneath it in the daytime. Both were haled off to the city prison.

Innumerable examinations before the magistrates followed, which we need not give here, and then the two prisoners were committed for trial.

In November, however, Mrs. Schneider told the police that she would show them where another body was concealed. They took her to another part of the Neu Lengbach forest, and at first she pointed out one place, but no body was found there; then she showed the officers and the Notary, Herr Harrar, who accompanied the party, a very dense thicket. After some difficulty an opening was made in the thick underwood, and there, sure enough, were the remains of a human being, in a horrible state of decomposition.

Rosalie Schneider told the police that the mass of putrifying flesh before them was once Viscenzia Zoufar, a beautiful young Hungarian servant-maid. She had been slain on the 7th of July by Franz Schneider. This murder was also entered on the charge-sheet containing the indictment of Schneider and his wife. Having helped the authorities thus far, Rosalie thought that she might as well try to save her

miserable life by further confession, so she said that she could tell them who the first girl was whose body had been found at Lengbach. The police thanked her, but said that they had been able to identify the remains as those of Rosalie Kleinrath. After this Mrs. Schneider refused to give any more information.

On the 25th of January, 1892, a huge crowd commenced to form in front of the Courts of Justice, in the Landesgericht Strasse, Vienna, soon after daylight. By nine o'clock, when the doors were opened, it was impossible to get near the entrance, and the fortunate ones who had taken up their places first rushed in and filled the building to overflowing. They, however, formed a very small portion of those who wished to be present at the trial of the infamous Schneiders, for that was the attraction which had drawn such a concourse.

A few minutes before ten the prisoners were brought into court. Franz Schneider was a powerfully-built man about 5ft. 7in. in height. His shoulders were broad, and his whole

SHE RAN FASTER THAN HE DID.

frame betokened the trained athlete. His face was repulsive, having stamped on it the ferocity of a brute beast. His cheekbones were high and prominent, his cheeks hollow, and his eyes of that glittering red sometimes seen in savage dogs. His hair was sandy, and he had a straggling beard and moustache of the same colour. He entered the court with a faltering step, much as a tiger enters a fresh cage, apprehensive of danger, but conscious that there is no escape. Having recovered himself a little, he stood up and glared round the court-house with an expression which spoke volumes. It was a look of impotent rage and consummate malice combined, and seemed to say: "If only I could have a few of you alone in the Lengbach for a few minutes."

Then Rosalie Schneider was placed close to him in the dock. He had not seen her since her memorable confessions, but he knew that she had been in communication with the police, and he was determined that if he could not manage to hand her over to the law in his own stead, at least she should share his fate with him. He would have sprung at her and throttled her in the open court, but he was guarded by a couple of powerful gendarmes who watched his every movement.

Rosalie was not nearly so repulsive to look at as her husband. She was a little, undersized woman, hardly 4ft. 4in. in height. Her eyes were jet black and sparkled with an odious gleam. At one time she must have been passably good-looking, but vice had stamped itself on her face and given her a hard look which nothing could soften. She nodded carelessly to Franz, who scowled at her in return, and then began to survey the spectators in an unconcerned manner.

Punctually at ten there was a cry for silence, and the President of the court and his assistants entered in procession. The judges wore a uniform not unlike the undress costume of our naval officers, and the whole court had the appearance of a court-martial.

When the President and his assistants had ranged themselves on the bench, the jurors were called in a body. After their names had been read over the two Drs. Fried, who were defending the prisoners, were asked if they had any objection to their clients being tried by the panel selected, and on their signifying that they were satisfied that justice would be done, a crucifix was brought and placed on a small table in front of the jury box. On each side of the crucifix were lighted tapers. Then the clerk of the court instructed the jurors to hold up their right hands and repeat after him the formula which bound them to find a true verdict according to the evidence, everybody in court standing up while the oath was administered.

That done, following the procedure of foreign courts, Rosalie was first examined. She was taken out of the dock, and stood on the floor of the court, facing her judges, above whose heads loomed an immense crucifix, symbol of Divine mercy and justice.

Without support of any kind, the little woman stood for nearly two hours while she was cross-examined by the Public Prosecutor. She first of all said that she was not guilty, and then, being pressed, admitted that she was an accessory after the fact, but had no actual part in any of the murders beyond being present at the time. "My husband alone is guilty," she declared. "He used to outrage the girls first, and then strangle them with his hands. I do not know why he did so, but it was a passion with him. I was afraid, for he would have strangled me if I had refused to watch his vile behaviour. No, I did not mind his preferring other people to

me. I am weak and small. He did not care for money. I used to hide the clothes so that he should not be caught. Yes, I am rather fond of him; but I am also very afraid of him." While this damning evidence was being given Schneider sat in the dock alternately scowling and biting his nails. Once he tried to spit at his wife, but was checked by the attendants. The picture of rage and despair which he presented was almost pitiful.

"As to Rosalie Kleinrath," continued Mrs. Schneider, "she struggled a bit. You see, she was young, and did not know what he wanted. She did not believe that Franz could hurt her. No, she did not take very long to die when he caught her by the throat. That was when he had finished with her. I don't know why he wanted to kill her; it was a habit of his. He has killed plenty, I believe, but that was the first I ever saw."

At the suggestion that he had been concerned in other murders Schneider became livid and tried to speak, but he was inarticulate with anger.

"It was on the 4th of June that Franz killed Rosalie. On the 2nd of July he murdered Maria Hottwanger, and five days later he slew Viscenzia Zoufar. He could not do more after that, as he was being hunted for, and I hid him in my bedroom. The baroness did not know anything about it. She thought I was not married. How did I get the girls to come? That was easy enough. I said that I had a nice place for them with a member of the nobility. They were to have plenty of liberty and lots of nice dresses and good wages. The work was to be light. We preferred servants because people did not ask questions about them. They thought that they had not enough time to write home. Besides, they were generally young and virtuous. Franz insisted on that. He was very particular. It was a pity he killed the girls; all would have been well if he had let them go." With that Rosalie concluded her testimony, having done her best to make her husband appear as black as possible and to minimise her share in the ghastly tragedies. A change, however, was to come over the scene.

Franz Schneider was next asked for any evidence which he might like to give. He commenced by saying that he had violated two girls named Stoiber and Djuris on the 26th of May and the 1st of June respectively, but that he was innocent of murder. Then he changed his mind and said that he had killed Rosalie Kleinrath at Christofen, near Lengbach, on the 4th of June. He had gone into the wood, and his wife came, bringing the young girl with her. The girl was beautiful and innocent, and he did not want to hurt her. His wife, however, had led him on and held the girl down, having passed him a bottle of chloroform. He used this as his wife told him. He strangled Rosalie Kleinrath with his hands. She took some time to die, for he had not much practice. All the other murders were committed by his wife alone. She used to chloroform the girls after he had violated them, and kill them because she did not want anyone who had shared his affections to live. Also, she wanted to steal their clothes and other trifles. Further pressed, he said that he had assisted at the three murders with which he was charged, but that his wife had done the actual killing.

At this point the judges expressed their incredulity, and Rosalie burst out laughing. Then a bitterer mood came over her, and she scolded her husband, calling him a traitor and hissing out: "If you admit having killed one without my aid, could not you have done others also?"

A terrible scene then took place in court, both prisoners accusing each other of having committed the crimes. The judges tried to stem the torrent of mutual recrimination, but it was only when the two accused were exhausted that order could be restored. At it was the incident showed that both Schneider and his wife had been implicated in murders of which the police knew nothing.

It then became time to call witnesses. All whom it was proposed to examine were brought into court, and sworn before the crucifix in the same manner as the jurors.

The first person examined was Johanna Stoiber, a fine young Hungarian woman, about twenty-five years of age. She said that Schneider had met her on the 28th of May in the Renwegg, the busiest street in Vienna. He had asked her to go to Neu Lengbach with him, promising to introduce her to a lady who wanted a capable maid. Proposing to show her a shorter way, he took her into a secluded part of the wood, and there ravished her by force. She screamed, but no one came to her rescue. Schneider compelled her to stop with him all night in the wood, and it was only when it was daylight again that she managed to escape, while he was looking the other way. He chased her for some distance, but she ran faster than he did.

On the next day the judges called witnesses concerning the murder of Rosalie Kleinrath. Schneider was recalled and said that his description of the previous day was faulty. His wife had held the girl's hands while he had strangled her. He caught hold of her breast with his left, and of her throat with his right, and thus got power enough to choke her. On this Rosalie Schneider became very excited and shrieked out: "I am your victim! You are murdering me!"

A ghastly relic was then produced in court. The usher held up the skull of the murdered girl and called on a fellow-servant to identify it as that of Rosalie Kleinrath. The poor little maid did so with tears streaming down her cheeks, saying that she knew it was the head of her former companion because of the prominent teeth. A black box containing clothes which had belonged to Kleinrath and which was found in Mrs. Schneider's possession was also recognised. The State medical experts told the jury that in the case of all the bodies which they had been called upon to examine there was evidence of great physical force having been used. They could not swear that Schneider could not have murdered the girls without assistance, but it was probable that someone held their hands.

Karl Hornung next told the jury of the meeting between his sweetheart, Maria Hottwanger, and the Schneiders. How these ghouls had told the poor girl that she was to have a comfortable position with a lady of title and have very little work to do. He had seen her leave the city in the company of the prisoners. On the following day Mrs. Schneider went to the lodgings which Maria had occupied and obtained her clothes with a letter purporting to be from Maria, but which was now proved to be a forgery, written by the female prisoner. This testimony told very strongly against Mrs. Schneider, and she collapsed in the dock, sobbing and moaning, while the presiding judge denounced her as a forger as well as a murderess.

As regards the murder of Viscenzia Zoufar, fifteen witnesses spoke to her having been engaged by Rosalie Schneider as lady's-maid to a baroness. One of the girls said that she had been asked by the female prisoner to take the position, but she was rather frightened and excused herself by saying that she did not like to have to make jam, which was to have been one of her duties. Mrs. Schneider tried hard to get her to accompany her, if only for a short walk outside the city, but she would not have anything to do with her. Viscenzia was then engaged and subsequently murdered. The Public Prosecutor pointed out that from the very position of the body of the hapless girl it was clear that someone had helped Schneider, and he declared that it was his wife who had done so, but the wretched harridan sobbed and kept mumbling out: "Ich war nicht dabei!" ("I was not present!")

On the fifth day of the trial Dr. Soos, the Public Prosecutor, addressed the jury. He said that it was perfectly clear that both of the accused had had a hand in the murders with which they were charged. The police were of the opinion that at least two more could be proved against the prisoners, but to save time they had not been included in the indictment. The woman had played a very important part in luring the girls to their doom, even if she had not actually taken their lives, which was not improbable, and should be found guilty. As to Schneider, he admitted that he had murdered one at least.

Counsel for the prisoners then tried to influence the jury, their remarks being punctuated by cries from Schneider of "It was my wife who planned them all," while Rosalie Schneider repeated her formula of "My husband alone is guilty." The jury then retired to consider their verdict, and the two prisoners sat in the dock crying. Ten minutes sufficed, and then it was announced that both of the accused were guilty of the murders with which they were charged. According to the custom which obtains in Austria, counsel then pleaded in mitigation of punishment before the presiding judge pronounced sentence. Nothing that could be said could alter the decision of the judges, who were agreed that the convicts before them were inhuman in their wickedness.

Then the judges stood up. The small crucifix was brought, the candles lighted, and everyone in court sprang to his feet. In measured tones the President said that the crimes of which the two prisoners had been found guilty were of the most dreadful description. He and his brother judges agreed that only the highest penalty known to the law would suffice to expiate the offences. There was no hope of mercy for either of the culprits on earth; they must turn to the seat of Divine mercy while yet a little time remained to them. Then, drawing himself up to his full height, the President exclaimed: "In the name of his Imperial Majesty, Franz Joseph, I sentence you, Franz Schneider, and you, Rosalie

Schneider, to be hanged until you are dead.' The woman is to suffer death before her husband. This is doom!" Rosalie fainted and was carried away by the gaolers, while Schneider, with tottering steps, was led downstairs. Candles were blown out, the people dispersed, and the most sensational Austrian trial of recent years was over.

By some it was thought that the death sentence on the two prisoners would not be carried out, for it was well known what an objection the Emperor had to taking life. No one was, therefore, surprised when it was announced that Rosalie Schneider had been spared, and her punishment changed into one of penal servitude for life. The capital sentence on Franz, however, was to be carried out.

On the 16th March, Schneider was informed that he was to die the next day. A priest had been in constant attendance on him since the moment of his condemnation, but he could not get any expression of regret from the doomed man. However, the customs of prison routine had to be carried out to the full, and Schneider was taken to the chapel early on the morning of the 17th. Thence about half-past seven he was led into the courtyard. Only then was he told that his wife's life had been spared. The news affected him greatly. He broke out into the foullest abuse of the Emperor, and swore that his wife was a most abandoned woman and had sold him to the executioner. The priest strove to calm him, and it was only when Schneider saw the apparatus on which he was to suffer that he stopped his torrent of foul language.

In one corner of the courtyard stood a strong post, some eight feet high, and having a spike at the top. At the foot of this post was a step a couple of feet high. Round this strange gallows stood four or five men in black, one of them, the chief executioner, having his hands encased in white kid gloves.

Schneider was led up to this post. The priest took an affectionate farewell of him; the governor of the gaol read the death sentence, and then delivered Schneider over to the chief executioner. The culprit was trembling, and of a leaden colour.

At a word from the principal hangman, the assistants seized Schneider and dragged him to the post. The executioner jumped up on the step, producing at the same time a loop of silken rope about a foot long in all from his pocket. Schneider was lifted up till his head almost touched the top of the pole. Then the hangman passed one end of the loop under the culprit's chin, and put the other over the spike at the top of the pole. All the assistants then dragged down on the body so as to strangle the poor wretch, while the executioner on the step, with his gloved hands, covered the mouth and nostrils of the struggling convict. Schneider fought wildly, but the combined strength of the assistants was too much for him, and gradually his face became livid, his eyes starting from their sockets. Still the pressure was kept up, and the murderer of servant girls slowly strangled to death.

After one last writhe Franz Schneider died. The hangman stepped down from his post, smiled to the few spectators who had been permitted to witness the disgusting spectacle, waved his hand gaily towards the post against which the lifeless body of the murderer hung by the loop under the chin, and called his assistants to retire with him. He was the least concerned of all present. Experienced journalists and doctors were sickened with horror, the priest fainted, even the assistant hangmen were ghastly pale, but the chief executioner took a pride in his work and could even smile as he pointed to the result of his labours.

Franz Schneider thus died by the same death that he had meted out to his victims, and the world was rid of one of the greatest scoundrels that has ever disgraced it.

Gilbert's Maiden Speech.

MR. W. S. GILBERT, the eminent dramatist, was a barrister by profession, and soon after being called to the bar he was allowed a chance of distinguishing himself, about the year 1866, by being entrusted with his first brief. It was for the Crown, and the prisoner was an old Irishwoman, who was charged with the larceny of a coat. All Gilbert's friends assembled to hear his first attempts, and to witness the long-anticipated triumph. He was quite ready and willing to make a luminous opening, but unfortunately the moment he attempted to complete a sentence the old woman drowned his voice with the most violent exclamations and grimaces: "Hold yer tongue, ye spalpeen!" "Ah, if ye love me, now, sit down!" "It's a lie, yer honour!" "Hoorooo for ould Ireland!" The result was that she had to be finally removed, and the maiden speech, thus disgracefully mutilated and foreshortened, was never resumed.

Leaves from Our Notebook.

The Highwayman Outwitted.

A GENTLEMAN returning from a visit to London in the year 1762 was stopped on the high road by a highwayman, who informed the traveller that he would not be contented with any paltry sum, but that as he had received reliable information that he was in possession of a well-filled purse, he was determined to have it. The traveller, with a great show of reluctance, and loud expressions of despair, drew from an inner pocket a large leathern bag, well secured and sealed, and, from its weight and bulk, apparently containing a large amount of the coin of the realm. He handed it to the robber, who immediately made off with it, and, going down a little by-lane, untied the bag to examine his treasure. His chagrin and dismay can better be imagined than described when he found that it was filled with copper coins.

A Detested Informer.

AN Irish informer named Jemmy O'Brien was executed for murder in the year 1800, and people came on foot from forty miles round to enjoy the sight of his execution. It appears that he had made a trade of selling warrants of imprisonment on suspicion of treasonable practices, for half-a-crown each. He would, it was said, hang his own brother for a crown, and his name was a synonym for all that was treacherous, Judas-like, and wicked. On the morning of his execution a crowd of several thousand people assembled round the prison, and expressions like the following were heard: "He was the death of my husband," "My two brothers were brought to the gallows by that man," "He falsely swore away the life of my poor son," etc., etc. One spectator climbed up to the highest point of vantage in the neighbourhood, so that he could give the signal to the whole crowd when the wretched man dropped, and when this signal was given the whole of the vast assemblage joined in one deafening roar of exultation. When the execution was over the body was seized by the mob and literally torn into fragments, so infuriated were they at the man's dastardly acts during life.

A Clever Ruse.

AT the period when the old gaol of the Four Courts in Dublin was used for the incarceration of prisoners a wealthy merchant was sentenced to a very long term of transportation for fraud, and was sent to the old gaol to await the arrival of the transport which was to convey him "across the seas." The prisoner made overtures to the gaoler for his release and arranged to give him £120 on condition that he connived at and facilitated his escape. The gaoler agreed, and the money was duly paid over to him. He then made his plans for the carrying out of the escape with safety to the prisoner and to himself as well, and his first act was to announce to the prison governor that the merchant had been seized with the spotted fever. The prisoner feigned sickness so well that the trick was never suspected, and in the meantime the gaoler procured a fresh corpse and painted it all over with spots to imitate the well-known appearance of fever. He then smuggled it into the prisoner's bed and let out the sham invalid one dark night. The corpse passed for that of the escaped merchant, no close examination being made, and it was duly and decently buried; the trick was never discovered, and was only revealed by the gaoler's daughter many years after, and when her father had been dead more than twenty years.

Answers to Correspondents

The Editor will be pleased to answer any suitable questions.

JUDEX.—Boiling to death was made a capital punishment in England by Statute 22 Henry VIII., 1531, which was repealed in 1547.

P. WALTERS.—You are quite right. In the Diamond Jubilee year fewer executions took place than in any year of the past decade. There were only seven executions in England, one of which occurred in London.

MILLWALL.—The date of the execution was January 17, 1817. There were four of them—John Norbury, James Parry, David Bruce, and William Hastings—and they were hanged in chains on the Isle of Dogs, for piracy.

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No. **1** *READY MARCH 21st.*

Printed and Published by HAROLD FURNISS, at Caxton House, Gough Square, Fleet Street, London.

Sole Agents for the Colonies—GORDON & GOTCH, London; Melbourne; Sydney; Brisbane; Perth, W.A.; Wellington, N.Z.; Christchurch, N.Z.; Cape Town & Durban, S.A.